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No. 12.

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Organ of Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations.

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Organ of Young Men's Mutual
Improvement Associations.

VOLUME VI.

1902-1903.



THE IMPROVEMENT ERA begins its sixth year with the November number. The volume just closed had the greatest circulation in the history of the magazine. Several of the early numbers were reprinted, and the edition is now entirely exhausted. Its hosts of friends were delighted with its literature; no efforts will be spared to please them in the new year. We hope to retain all our old friends and to add many new subscribers to our lists.

SOME REASONS WHY—OWNERSHIP AND CONTROL.

A few facts on this point should convince every young man in the Church that he should be a patron of the ERA. The subscribers own the magazine; the general superintendency, President Joseph F. Smith at the head, and the board of officers of Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations control it; the ERA has no capital; it was started, and for five years has been loyally supported, by members of the Mutual Improvement Association; it is no money-making scheme; all the profits are devoted to its betterment, or are spent in the interest of the great and useful organization which it represents; it contains good, clean, instructive writings—historical, biographical, doctrinal, inspirational, as well as stories of love and adventure—by the ablest home writers. You further the cause of the Church and of mutual improvement by becoming a subscriber; and, besides, obtain full value for your money, (only \$2.00) in that you enjoy for a year some of the best literature in the Church.

ANOTHER REASON—FREE TO MISSIONARIES.

From the beginning, the ERA has accomplished what no other Church publication has ever before undertaken. Copies have been sent free of charge to all the missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, both in America and all foreign countries

where missions have been opened. This feature will be continued during volume six. In this way we shall send out between fourteen and seventeen hundred copies, which, with postage, amounts to nearly four thousand dollars given free for the cause. Hundreds of unsolicited testimonials are received bearing witness to the help and pleasure derived from the ERA by the struggling missionary in the field. It has made many friends for him, and brought him in contact with many strangers to the mighty latter-day work which he represents. You can well afford to donate two dollars for such a purpose; but in doing so you get, besides, full value for your money in the magazine itself. Glance over any of the past five volumes, as well as the new attractions for volume six, and you will agree to this statement.

AIM OF THE IMPROVEMENT ERA.

The primary aim of the ERA is to instil into the hearts of the young people a testimony of the truth and magnitude of the Gospel and the work of God; and, like the associations which it represents, "to aid them in developing the gifts within them, and in cultivating a knowledge and an application of the eternal principles of the great science of life." It aims, besides, to educate and interest its readers in social affairs, in history, biography, current events, and the building of noble character, and points young men to the way of true success. As the organ of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations it promulgates the official instructions of the leaders of this great organization, making it indispensable to every officer therein. It is a magazine for the family.

SOME SPECIAL FEATURES OF VOLUME VI.

A REMARKABLE PROPHECY AND ITS HISTORICAL FULFILMENT, BY ELDER JUNIUS F. WELLS.

This is an account of a prediction concerning the desolation of Jackson County, Missouri, made by the Prophet Joseph Smith to General A. W. Doniphan, and of its fulfilment nearly thirty years thereafter. Accompanying the article is a reproduction of Brigham's famous painting illustrating the devastation of Jackson County; also a biographical sketch and portrait of General Doniphan who at one time saved the life of the Prophet.

PLET: A CHRISTMAS STORY OF THE WASATCH, BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE.

A thrilling story of the Utah mountains, clustered about two characters that exemplify life in the mines. It is a pretty love story; a beautiful description of the Wasatch; a Christmas idyl to please; a poem throughout.

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A STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

The ERA has offered \$50 for the best story suitable for its columns, to be in the hands of the editors by January 1st, 1903. This story will be printed in Volume Six.

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The Catholic idea of God as presented in volume five by Rev. C. Van der Donckt has created great interest; several correspondents have requested space to answer, but a reply thereto has been written by Elder B. H. Roberts, which will appear in volume six. A variety of other doctrinal articles, by leading members of the Church, will be printed from time to time.

REGULAR DEPARTMENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

Dr. J. M. Tanner will continue his interesting comments on leading events, in "The Current Story of the World," and Dr. John A. Widtsoe, whose valuable science papers have met with such popular favor in the past, will be a frequent contributor. A host of essays, on religious, historical, social and literary themes will appear, written by a variety of entertaining authors, old and new. The "Editor's Table" will be maintained and improved; "Questions and Answers" of importance will receive attention by able and authentic writers; and in "Our Work" officers have an indispensable guide and help. The following writers and authors, as in the past, will contribute to the pages of the ERA, new ones being constantly added:

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SPECIAL TO OFFICERS OF MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS.

We ask you to continue loyal to our magazine, by subscribing for it and by each of you securing one other subscriber. Every president is an agent. He should appoint one of his aids to look carefully after the interests of the ERA, and see that the ward is thoroughly, early and immediately canvassed. A stake aid to the superintendent should be appointed to supervise the canvass for the ERA, and otherwise look after its welfare in the stake.

THE NEW MANUALS.

Manual No. 6, 1902-3, is sent free to all subscribers. This is a book of 131 pages, continuing last year's treatment of the principles of the Gospel under the following attractive classifications: Universal Application of the Gospel, including Permanent Principles, Essential Ordinances, History of the Dispensations, and Work for the Dead; the Church: Church Organization, Priesthood, Motive Force, Work; The Resurrection and the Judgment; Ethics of the Gospel; Practical Religion; Duties to God, the Church, Family, Society and the State; Rewards and Punishments.

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IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. V.

OCTOBER, 1902.

No. 12.

HISTORY OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH.

BY HIS MOTHER, LUCY SMITH.

CHAPTER L.

REMOVAL OF THE SMITH FAMILY TO ILLINOIS.

At the time when Joseph went into the enemy's camp, Mr. Smith and myself stood in the door of the house in which we were then living, and could distinctly hear their horrid yellings. Not knowing the cause, we supposed they were murdering him. Soon after the screaming commenced, five or six guns were discharged. At this, Mr. Smith, folding his arms tight across his heart, cried out, "Oh, my God! my God! they have killed my son! they have murdered him! and I must die, for I cannot live without him!"

I had no word of consolation to give him, for my heart was broken within me—my agony was unutterable. I assisted him to the bed, and he fell back upon it helpless as a child, for he had not strength to stand upon his feet. The shrieking continued; no tongue can describe the sound which was conveyed to our ears; no heart can imagine the sensations of our breasts, as we listened to those awful screams. Had the army been composed of so many

blood-hounds, wolves, and panthers, they could not have made a sound more terrible.

My husband was immediately taken sick, and never afterwards entirely recovered, yet he lived about two years, and was occasionally quite comfortable, and able to attend meetings.

When they were about starting from Far West, a messenger came and told us that if we ever saw our sons alive we must go immediately to them, for they were in a wagon that would start in a few minutes for Independence, and in all probability they would never return alive. Receiving this intimation, Lucy and myself set out directly for the place. On coming within about a hundred yards of the wagon, we were compelled to stop, for we could press no further through the crowd. I therefore appealed to those around me, exclaiming, "I am the mother of the Prophet—is there not a gentleman here, who will assist me to that wagon, that I may take a last look at my children, and speak to them once more before I die?" Upon this, one individual volunteered to make a pathway through the army, and we passed on, threatened with death at every step, till at length we arrived at the wagon. The man who led us through the crowd spoke to Hyrum, who was sitting in front, and, telling him that his mother had come to see him, requested that he should reach his hand to me. He did so, but I was not allowed to see him; the cover was of strong cloth, and nailed down so close, that he could barely get his hand through. We had merely shaken hands with him, when we were ordered away by the mob, who forbade any conversation between us, and, threatening to shoot us, they ordered the teamster to drive over us. Our friend then conducted us to the back part of the wagon, where Joseph sat, and said, "Mr. Smith, your mother and sister are here, and wish to shake hands with you." Joseph crowded his hand through between the cover and wagon, and we caught hold of it; but he spoke not to either of us, until I said, "Joseph, do speak to your poor mother once more—I cannot bear to go till I hear your voice." "God bless you, mother!" he sobbed out. Then a cry was raised, and the wagon dashed off, tearing him from us just as Lucy was pressing his hand to her lips, to bestow upon it a sister's last kiss—for he was then sentenced to be shot.

For some time our house was filled with mourning, lamenta-

tion, and woe; but, in the midst of my grief, I found consolation that surpassed all earthly comfort. I was filled with the Spirit of God, and I received the following by the gift of prophesy: "Let your heart be comforted concerning your children, they shall not be harmed by their enemies; and, in less than four years, Joseph shall speak before the judges and great men of the land, for his voice shall be heard in their councils. And in five years from this time he will have power over all his enemies." This relieved my mind, and I was prepared to comfort my children. I told them what had been revealed to me, which greatly consoled them.

As soon as William was able to stir about a little he besought his father to move to Illinois, but Mr. Smith would not consent to this, for he was in hopes that our sons would be liberated, and peace again be restored, but finally said that the family might get ready to move, and then, if we were obliged to go, there would be nothing to hinder us.

Our business in Far West had been trading in corn and wheat, as well as keeping a boarding house. When the mob came in, we had considerable grain on hand, but very little flour or meal, therefore we sent a man who was living with us to mill with fourteen sacks of grain; but the miller considered it unsafe to allow the brethren to remain about his premises, as the mob were near at hand, and he was afraid they would burn his buildings. Consequently, the young man returned without his grain, and, for bread-stuff, we were for a long time obliged to pound corn in a samp-mortar. Many subsisted altogether upon parched corn for some length of time.

The brethren were all driven in from the country. There was an acre of ground in front of our house, completely covered with beds, lying in the open sun, where families were compelled to sleep, exposed to all kinds of weather; these were the last who came into the city, and, as the houses were all full, they could not find a shelter. It was enough to make the heart ache to see the children, sick with colds, and crying around their mothers for food, whilst their parents were destitute of the means of making them comfortable.

It may be said that, if Joseph Smith had been a Prophet, he would have foreseen the evil, and provided against it. To this I

reply, he did all that was in his power to prevail upon his brethren to move into Far West, before the difficulty commenced, and at a meeting, three weeks previous, he urged the brethren to make all possible haste in moving both their houses and their provisions into the city. But this counsel appeared to them unreasonable and inconsistent, therefore they did not heed it. If the brethren at Haun's Mill had hearkened to counsel, it would, without doubt, have saved their lives; but, as the consequences of their negligence are already published, and as my mind is loth to dwell upon these days of sorrow, I shall only give those facts which have not been published.

While the mob was in the city, William went out one day to feed his horse, but the horse was gone. It was not long, however, before a soldier, who had been absent on a dispatch, rode him into the yard. William took the horse by the bridle, and ordered the soldier to dismount, which he did, and left the horse in William's hands again.

The brethren were compelled to lay down their arms, and sign away their property. This was done quite near our house. I distinctly heard General Clark's notable speech; and, without any great degree of alarm, I heard him declare, concerning Joseph and Hyrum, that "their die was cast, their doom was fixed, and their fate was sealed."

Not long after Hyrum was taken, Joseph Fielding, his youngest son, was born. This was Mary's first child. She never saw her husband but once after she became a mother before leaving the state. She suffered beyond description in her sickness, but, in all her afflictions, her sister, Mrs. Thompson, stood by her to nurse and comfort her, and, by the best of attention, she gained sufficient strength to accompany Emma to the prison once before she left the state.

At this time, my husband sent to Joseph to know if it was the will of the Lord that we should leave the state. Whereupon Joseph sent him a revelation which he had received while in prison, which satisfied my husband's mind, and he was willing to remove to Illinois as soon as possible.

After this, William took his own family, without further de-

lay, to Quincy, thence to Plymouth, where he settled himself, and afterward sent back the team for his father's family.

Just as we got our goods into the wagon, a man came to us and said, that Sidney Rigdon's family were ready to start, and must have the wagon immediately. Accordingly, our goods were taken out, and we were compelled to wait until the team could come after us again. We put our goods into the wagon a second time, but the wagon was wanted for Emma and her family, so our goods were again taken out. However, we succeeded, after a long time, in getting one single wagon to convey beds, clothing, and provisions for our family, Salisbury's family, and Mr. McLeries' family, besides considerable luggage for Don Carlos, who, with his family and the remainder of his baggage, was crowded into a buggy, and went in the same company with us.

The first day we arrived at a place called Tinney's Grove, where we lodged, over night, in an old log house, which was very uncomfortable. Half of the succeeding day I traveled on foot. That night we stayed at the house of one Mr. Thomas, who was then a member of the Church. On the third day, in the afternoon, it began to rain. At night we stopped at a house, and asked permission to stay till morning. The man to whom we applied showed us a miserable out-house, which was filthy enough to sicken the stomach, and told us, if we would clean this place, and haul our own wood and water, we might lodge there. To this we agreed, and, with much trouble, we succeeded in making a place for our beds. For the use of this loathsome hovel, he charged us seventy-five cents. We traveled all the next day in a pouring rain. We asked for shelter at many places, but were refused. At last we came to a place, quite like the one where we spent the previous night. Here we spent the night without fire. On the fifth day, just before arriving at Palmyra, in Missouri, Don Carlos called to Mr. Smith, and said, "Father, this exposure is too bad, and I will not bear it any longer; the first place that I come to that looks comfortable, I shall drive up and go into the house, and do you follow me."

We soon came to a farm house, surrounded with every appearance of plenty. The house was but a short distance from the road, having in front of it a large gate. Through this Don Carlos drove,

without hesitating to ask the privilege, and, after assisting us through, he started to the house, and, meeting the landlord, he said, "I do not know but that I am trespassing, but I have with me an aged father, who is sick, besides my mother, and a number of women, with small children. We have traveled two days and a half in this rain, and if we are compelled to go much further, we shall all of us die. If you will allow us to stay with you over night, we will pay you almost any price for our accommodation."

"Why, what do you mean, sir!" said the gentleman, "Do you not consider us human beings? Do you think that we would turn anything that is flesh and blood from our door, in such a time as this! Drive up to the house and help your wife and children out; I'll attend to your father and mother and the rest of them." The landlord then assisted Mr. Smith and myself into the room in which his lady was sitting, but as she was rather ill, and he feared that the dampness of our clothing would cause her to take cold, he ordered a black servant to make a fire for her in another room. He then assisted each of our family into the house, and hung up our cloaks and shawls to dry.

At this house we had everything which could conduce to comfort. The gentleman, who was Esquire Mann, brought us milk for our children, hauled us water to wash with, and furnished us good beds to sleep in.

In the evening, he remarked that he was sent by his county, the year before, to the House of Representatives, where he met one Mr. Carroll, who was sent from the county in which the "Mormons" resided; "and if ever," said Esquire Mann, "I felt like fighting any man, it was him. He never once raised his voice, nor even his hand, in behalf of that abused people, once while the House was in session. I was never a member of the House before, and had not sufficient confidence to take a stand upon the floor in their behalf, as I should have done, had I been a man of a little more experience."

After spending the night with this good man, we proceeded on our journey, although it continued raining, for we were obliged to travel through mud and rain to avoid being detained by high water. When we came within six miles of the Mississippi river, the weather grew colder, and, in the place of rain, we had snow and hail;

and the ground between us and the river was so low and swampy, that a person on foot would sink in over his ankles at every step, yet we were all of us forced to walk, or rather wade, the whole six miles.

On reaching the Mississippi, we found that we could not cross that night, nor yet find a shelter, for many Saints were there before us, waiting to go over into Quincy. The snow was now six inches deep, and still falling. We made our beds upon it, and went to rest with what comfort we might under such circumstances. The next morning our beds were covered with snow, and much of the bedding under which we lay was frozen. We rose and tried to light a fire, but, finding it impossible, we resigned ourselves to our comfortless situation.

Soon after this, Samuel came over from Quincy, and he with the assistance of Seymour Brunson, obtained permission of the ferryman for us to cross that day. About sunset, we landed in Quincy. Here Samuel had hired a house, and we moved into it, with four other families.

CHAPTER LI.

JOSEPH AND HYRUM ESCAPE FROM THEIR PERSECUTORS, AND RETURN TO THEIR FAMILIES.

We spent the evening after we arrived in Quincy in relating our adventures and escapes, while making our exit from the land of Missouri, and the following circumstance, during our evening's conversation, was related by Samuel, who, in company with a number of others, fled for his life before the enemy:—

He said that they traveled the most secluded route that they could find, as they considered it unsafe to be seen by the inhabitants of the country. Game being very scarce, they soon lacked for provisions, and finally ran out altogether: yet they pursued their journey, until they became so weak that they could proceed no further. They then held a council, in which Samuel was appointed to receive the word of the Lord, and they united in prayer to God, that he would make known to them the means and time of their deliverance.

After a short supplication, it was manifested to Samuel that they might obtain sustenance by traveling a short distance in a certain direction. This he made known to the company, and immediately set out with two others in quest of the promised food. After traveling a short time, they came to an Indian wigwam, and made known to the Indians by signs that they were hungry. Upon this the squaw, with all possible speed, baked them some cakes, and gave each of them two; after which she sent the same number to those who remained in the woods, giving them to understand that she would send more, but she had very little flour, and her papooses would be hungry.

From this time onward, the brethren succeeded in getting food sufficient to sustain them, so that none of them perished.

In a few days, Samuel moved his family into another house, and we were then less crowded. Soon after he left, Lucy was taken violently ill, and for several days she refused to take any kind of nourishment whatever. I had not long the privilege of taking care of her, as I was shortly seized with the cholera myself, and, although I suffered dreadfully with the cramp, which usually attends this disease, it was nothing in comparison to another pain, which operated upon the marrow of my bones. It seemed sometimes as though it would almost burst the bones themselves asunder.

Everything that could be obtained which was considered good for such diseases was administered in my case, but without effect. At length we applied to a young botanic physician, who gave me some herb tea that relieved me immediately.

During my sickness, Samuel brought Lucy down stairs several times in his arms to see me, as they did not expect me to live any length of time, and they were willing that she should be gratified. When I recovered, I found that she had taken nothing but ice water while I was sick, but her fever was broken, and, by careful nursing, she was soon able to walk about.

Whilst we were sick, the ladies of Quincy sent us every delicacy which the city afforded; in fact, we were surrounded with the kindest of neighbors. One Mr. Messer and family, in particular sought every opportunity to oblige us while we remained in the place.

Previous to our sickness in Quincy, my husband sent Brother Lamoreaux to Missouri, under strict injunctions to see Joseph and Hyrum, or find out where they were before he should return. About the time that Lucy began to walk about a little, Brother Partridge and Brother Morley came to our house from Lima, to see if Brother Lamoreaux had either written or returned. When they came we had heard nothing of him, but while they were with us he arrived in Quincy, and sent us word that he had seen neither Joseph nor Hyrum. At this information Brother Partridge was in despair, and said that, when another messenger was to be sent, he would go himself, as he was instructed. I listened to him some time in silence; at last the Spirit, which had so often comforted my heart, again spoke peace to my soul, and gave me an assurance that I should see my sons before the night should again close over my head. "Brother Partridge," I exclaimed, in tears of joy, "I shall see Joseph and Hyrum before tomorrow night." "No, mother Smith," said he, "I am perfectly discouraged; I don't believe we shall ever see them again in the world. At any rate, do not flatter yourself that they will be here as soon as that, for I tell you that you will be disappointed. I have always believed you before, but I cannot see any prospect of this prophecy being fulfilled, but, if it is so, I will never dispute your word again." I asked him if he would stay in town long enough to prove my sayings whether they were true or false. He promised to do so. Brothers Partridge and Morley soon afterwards left the house, in order to get further information upon the subject.

After falling asleep that night, I saw my sons in vision. They were upon the prairie traveling, and seemed very tired and hungry. They had but one horse. I saw them stop and tie him to the stump of a burnt sapling, then lie down upon the ground to rest themselves; and they looked so pale and faint that it distressed me. I sprang up, and said to my husband, "Oh, Mr. Smith, I can see Joseph and Hyrum, and they are so weak they can hardly stand. Now they are lying asleep on the cold ground! Oh, how I wish that I could give them something to eat!"

Mr. Smith begged me to be quiet, saying that I was nervous; but it was impossible for me to rest—they were still before my eyes—I saw them lie there full two hours; then one of them went

away to get something to eat, but not succeeding, they traveled on. This time, Hyrum rode and Joseph walked by his side, holding himself up by the stirrup leather. I saw him reel with weakness, but could render him no assistance. My soul was grieved, I rose from my bed, and spent the remainder of the night in walking the floor.

The next day I made preparations to receive my sons, confident that the poor, afflicted wanderers would arrive at home before sunset. Sometime in the afternoon, Lucy and I were coming down stairs—she was before me. When she came to the bottom of the steps she sprang forward, and exclaimed, "There is Brother Baldwin. My brothers—where are they?" This was Caleb Baldwin, who was imprisoned with them. He told us that Joseph and Hyrum were then crossing the river and would soon be in Quincy. Lucy, hearing this, ran to carry the tidings to Hyrum's family, but the excitement was not sufficient to keep up her strength. When she came to the door she fell prostrate. After recovering a little, she communicated the welcome news.

When Hyrum and Joseph landed, they went immediately to see their families, and the next day, they, together with their wives and the rest of our connections, visited us. The Quincy Grays also came to our house, and saluted my sons in the most polite manner. During the afternoon, I asked Joseph and Hyrum, in the presence of the company, if they were not on the prairie the night previous in the situation which I have already related. They replied in the affirmative. I then asked Brother Partridge if he believed what I told him two days before. He answered that he would for ever after that time acknowledge me to be a true prophetess. The day passed pleasantly, and my sons returned to their homes, happy in their freedom and the society of their friends.

In a short time after Joseph and Hyrum landed in Illinois, George Miller, who is now the second Bishop of the Church, came and informed us that he had a quantity of land in his possession; also, that upon this land were a number of log houses, which the brethren might occupy if they chose, and that he would charge them nothing for the use of them, unless it would be to repair them a little, as they needed something of this kind.

My sons were pleased with his offer, and Samuel, Don Carlos, and W. J. Salisbury, renting some land of him, moved upon his premises as soon as preparations could be made for their families.

CHAPTER LII.

A PURCHASE MADE IN THE TOWN OF COMMERCE—JOSEPH THE PROPHET GOES TO WASHINGTON—THE DEATH OF JOSEPH SMITH, SENIOR.

In the spring of 1839, Joseph and Hyrum made a purchase of a tract of land in Commerce, of one Mr. White, and after moving their families thither, sent Brother Jacob G. Bigler back for Mr. Smith and myself.

When our good friend, Mr. Messer, learned that we were about leaving Quincy, he came and spent a whole day with us. The next day we set out for Commerce. After proceeding about ten miles, our carriage broke down, and, although my husband was quite sick, we were compelled to remain in the sun at least three hours before another vehicle could be procured. After this we started on, and soon arrived at Bear Creek, below Lima. We found this stream so high that it was dangerous to ford, especially for those who were unacquainted with the crossing place, but, fortunately, we took the right direction, and, with much difficulty, succeeded in getting across. That night we stayed with Sister Lawrence, and the next day arrived in Commerce, where we found our children in good health.

We moved into a small room attached to the house in which Joseph was living. Here we might have enjoyed ourselves, but Mr. Smith continued to sink, his health constantly failing, until we found that medicine was of no benefit to him.

As the season advanced, the brethren began to feel the effects of the hardships which they had endured, and also the unhealthiness of the climate in which we were then situated. They came down with the agues and bilious fevers to such an extent that there were whole families in which not one was able to help himself to a drink of cold water. Among the sick were Hyrum and his family, also my daughter Lucy. Joseph and Emma, seeing the

distress, commenced taking the sick into their own house, with the view of taking care of them, and making them more comfortable. This they continued to do, until their house became so crowded that they were compelled to spread a tent for that part of the family who were still on their feet, in order to make room in the house for the sick. During this time of distress, Silas Smith, my husband's brother, came up from Pike county, Illinois, to consult with Mr. Smith in relation to some Church business, and returned with the intention of bringing his family hither, but was taken sick and died before he could accomplish it, and we never saw him again. My son William also came from Plymouth about this time, and informed us that our provisions and furniture, all had been destroyed in Missouri by the mob. When he returned home he took Lovina, Hyrum's eldest daughter, with him, hoping, as she was sick, that the ride would be a benefit to her. In this he was disappointed, for she grew worse instead of better, so that in a short time he considered it necessary to send for her father, as she was not expected to live. As her father was not able to sit up when the messenger arrived, myself and Lucy went in his stead. On our arrival at Plymouth, we found Lovina better, and she continued to mend until she regained her health. But the ague took a fresh hold on Lucy, and she remained completely under the power of the disease until the sickness in Commerce had so abated that Joseph was able to make us a visit.

When he arrived, Lucy was lying up stairs in a high fever. Upon hearing his voice below, she sprang from her bed and flew down stairs, as though she was altogether well, and was so rejoiced to hear that her relatives were all still living, and in better health than when she left them, that the excitement performed an entire cure. She soon regained her strength and we returned home.

It now became necessary for Joseph to take a journey to the city of Washington, for he had been commanded of the Lord, while in prison, to pray for redress at the feet of the President, as well as Congress, when his family should be so situated that he could leave home.

Accordingly, Joseph started, in company with Sidney Rigdon, Elias Higbee, Dr. Foster and Porter Rockwell, to fulfill this injunc-

tion. After arriving in Washington, Joseph and Sidney waited upon his Excellency Martin Van Buren, but it was some time before they had an opportunity of laying their grievances before him; however, they at length succeeded in getting his attention. After listening to the entire history of the oppression and abuse, which we had received at the hands of our enemies, he replied, "GENTLEMEN, YOUR CAUSE IS JUST; BUT I CAN DO NOTHING FOR YOU !"

The matter was, however, laid before Congress. They, too, concluded that our cause was just, but that they could do nothing for us, as Missouri was a sovereign, independent state; and that the "Mormons" might appeal to her for redress, for, in their opinion, she neither wanted the power nor lacked the disposition to redress the wrongs of her own citizens. During Joseph's absence, Mr. Smith was at times very weak, and coughed dreadfully, so that some nights we had to lift him out of bed. On one occasion of this kind he expressed a fear that he should die with me alone. I told him that this would not be the case, for it was impressed upon my mind that, when he died, he would have his children around him. This comforted him much, for he was very anxious to live until Joseph should return, that he might bless him again before he should die.

This was in the winter of 1840. Before spring he got some better, so that he was able to walk about a little, and attend a few blessing meetings, in one of which he blessed Mrs. Page, the wife of one of the Twelve, and a young woman whom Brother Page had baptized and confirmed on Bear Creek but a few days previous. In blessing the latter, Mr. Smith repeated a prophecy which had been pronounced upon her head in her confirmation, as precisely as though he had been present when it was uttered, stating that the Spirit testified that these things had been predicted upon her head in her confirmation, which very much surprised her, as she knew that he had not received any intimation of the same, except by the Spirit of God.

In March, 1840, Joseph returned from the city of Washington. At this time Mr. Smith had suffered a relapse, and was confined to his bed. On Joseph's arrival, he administered to him, and, for a short time, my husband was better. In the ensuing April a Con-

ference was held in Nauvoo (formerly Commerce) during which the result of Joseph's mission to Washington was made known to the brethren; who, after hearing that their petition was rejected, concluded, as they had now tried every court which was accessible to them on earth, to lay their case before the Court of Heaven, and leave it in the hands of the great God.

Joseph, soon after his arrival, had a house built for us near his own, and one that was more commodious than that which we previously occupied.

When the heat of the ensuing summer came on, my husband's health began to decline more rapidly than before. This was perhaps caused, in part, by the renewal of the Missouri persecutions, for our sons were now demanded of the authorities of Illinois, as fugitives from justice. In consequence of which, they were compelled to absent themselves from the city, until the writs which were issued for their arrest, were returned.

About this time John C. Bennett came into the city, and undertook to devise a scheme whereby Joseph and Hyrum, besides other brethren who were persecuted in like manner, might remain at home in peace. I do not know what he did, I only know that he seemed to be engaged in the law, as well as the gospel. My heart was then too full of anxiety about my husband, for me to enquire much into matters which I did not understand; however, the result was, Joseph returned from Iowa.

On the evening of his return, my husband commenced vomiting blood. I sent immediately for Joseph and Hyrum, who, as soon as they came, gave him something that alleviated his distress. This was on Saturday night. The next morning Joseph came in and told his father, that he should not be troubled any more for the present with the Missourians; "and," said he, "I can now stay with you as much as you wish." After which, he informed his father that it was then the privilege of the Saints to be baptized for the dead. These two facts Mr. Smith was delighted to hear, and requested that Joseph should be baptized for Alvin immediately; and, as he expected to live but a short time, desired that his children would stay with him, as much as they could consistently.

They were all with him, except Catharine, who was detained

from coming by a sick husband. Mr. Smith being apprised of this, sent Arthur Miliken, who, but a short time previous, was married to our youngest daughter, after Catharine and her children; but, before he went, my husband blessed him, fearing that it would be too late when he returned. He took Arthur by the hand, and said:—

My son, I have given you my youngest, darling child, and will you be kind to her? "Yes, father," he replied, "I will." Arthur, he continued, you shall be blessed, and you shall be great in the eyes of the Lord; and if you will be faithful, you shall have all the desires of your heart in righteousness. Now, I want you to go after my daughter Catharine, for I know, that because of the faithfulness of your heart, you will not come back without her.

Arthur then left, and my husband next addressed himself to me:—

Mother, do you not know, that you are the mother of as great a family as ever lived upon the earth? The world loves its own, but it does not love us. It hates us because we are not of the world; therefore, all its malice is poured out upon us, and they seek to take away our lives. When I look upon my children, and realize, that although they were raised up to do the Lord's work, yet they must pass through scenes of trouble and affliction as long as they live upon the earth; and I dread to leave them surrounded by enemies.

At this Hyrum bent over his father and said:—"Father, if you are taken away, will you not intercede for us at the throne of grace, that our enemies may not have so much power over us?" He then laid his hands upon Hyrum's head and said:—

My son, Hyrum, I seal upon your head your patriarchal blessing, which I placed upon your head before, for that shall be verified. In addition to this, I now give you my dying blessing. You shall have a season of peace, so that you shall have sufficient rest to accomplish the work which God has given you to do. You shall be as firm as the pillars of heaven unto the end of your days. I now seal upon your head the patriarchal power, and you shall bless the people. This is my dying blessing upon your head in the name of Jesus. Amen.

To Joseph he said:—

Joseph, my son, you are called to a high and holy calling. You are even called to do the work of the Lord. Hold out faithful and you

shall be blest and your children after you. You shall even live to finish your work. At this Joseph cried out, weeping, "Oh! my father, shall I?" Yes, said his father, you shall live to lay out the plan of all the work which God has given you to do. This is my dying blessing on your head in the name of Jesus. I also confirm your former blessing upon your head; for it shall be fulfilled. Even so. Amen.

He then in turn pronounced blessings upon San uel, William, Don Carlos, Sophronia, Catharine and Lucy. After this he spoke to me again, and said:—

Mother, do you not know, that you are one of the most singular women in the world? "No," I replied, "I do not." Well I do, he continued, you have brought up my children for me by the fireside, and when I was gone from home, you comforted them. You have brought up all my children, and could always comfort them when I could not. We have often wished that we might both die at the same time, but you must not desire to die when I do, for you must stay to comfort the children when I am gone. So do not mourn, but try to be comforted. Your last days shall be your best days, as to being driven, for you shall have more power over your enemies than you have had. Again I say, be comforted.

He then paused for some time, being exhausted. After which he said, in a tone of surprise, "I can see and hear, as well as ever I could." [*A second pause of considerable length*] "I see Alvin." [*Third pause.*] "I shall live seven or eight minutes." Then straightening himself, he laid his hands together; after which he began to breathe shorter, and in about eight minutes, his breath stopped, without even a struggle or a sigh, and his spirit took its flight for the regions where the justified ones rest from their labors. He departed so calmly, that, for some time, we could not believe but that he would breathe again.

Catharine did not arrive until the evening of the second day; still we were compelled to attend to his obsequies the day after his decease, or run the risk of seeing Joseph and Hyrum torn from their father's corpse before it was interred, and carried away by their enemies to prison. After we had deposited his last remains in their narrow house, my sons fled from the city, and I returned to my desolate home; and I then thought that the greatest grief which it was possible for me to feel, had fallen upon me in

the death of my beloved husband. Although that portion of my life which lay before me, seemed to be a lonesome, trackless waste, yet I did not think that I could possibly find, in traveling over it, a sorrow more searching, or a calamity more dreadful, than the present. But, as I hasten to the end of my story, the reader will be able to form an opinion with regard to the correctness of my conclusion.

CHAPTER LIII.

JOSEPH ARRESTED AT QUINCY—DISCHARGED AT MONMOUTH—
JOSEPH CHARGED WITH AN ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE EX-
GOVERNOR BOGGS.

In the month of December, 1840, we received for Nauvoo, a city charter with extensive privileges; and in February of the same winter, charters were also received for the Nauvoo Legion, and for the University of the city of Nauvoo.

Not long after this the office of Lieutenant-General was conferred upon Joseph, by the vote of the people and a commission from the Governor of the state. In the early part of the same winter, I made Brother Knowlton a visit on Bear-Creek. While there I had the misfortune to sprain one of my knees, in getting out of a wagon, and, a cold settling in the injured part, rheumatism succeeded. Soon after I returned home, I was confined to my bed, and for six weeks I had watchers every night. Sophronia was then with me, her husband being absent on a mission, and she assisted Lucy and Arthur in taking care of me. They were indefatigable in their attentions, and by their faithful care I was enabled, after a long season of helplessness, to stand upon my feet again.

On the twenty-fifth of January, 1841, Mary Smith, Samuel's wife, died, in consequence of her exposures in Missouri.

On the fifth of June the same year, Joseph went, in company with several others, on a visit to Quincy. As he was returning, Governor Carlin sent one of the Missouri writs after him, and had him arrested for murder, treason, etc., etc. Joseph choosing to be tried at Monmouth, Warren county, the officers brought him to Nauvoo, and, after procuring witnesses, they proceeded to Mon-

mouth. Esquire Browning spoke in Joseph's defense, and was moved upon by the spirit that was given him, in answer to the prayers of the Saints; and, suffice it to say, he gained the case. The opposing attorney tried his utmost to convict Joseph of the crimes mentioned in the writ, but before he had spoken many minutes, he turned sick, and vomited at the feet of the judge; which, joined to the circumstance of his advocating the case of the Missourians, who are called *pukes* by their countrymen, obtained for him the same appellation, and was a source of much amusement to the court.

When Joseph returned, the Church was greatly rejoiced, and besought him never again to leave the city.

About the first of August, Don Carlos was taken sick, and on the seventh he died. The particulars of his death will be given hereafter.

On the first day of September, Robert B. Thompson, who was Hyrum's brother-in-law, and associate editor with Don Carlos of the *Times and Seasons*, died of the same disease which carried Carlos out of the world—supposed to be quick consumption.

On the fifteenth of September Joseph's youngest child died: he was named Don Carlos, after his uncle.

On the twenty-eighth of September, Hyrum's second son, named Hyrum, died of a fever.

The succeeding winter we were left to mourn over the ravages which death had made in our family, without interruption; but sickness ceased from among us, and the mob retired to their homes.

On the sixth of May, 1842, Lilburn W. Boggs, ex-governor of Missouri, was said to have been shot by an assassin. And, in consequence of the injuries which we had received, suspicion immediately fastened itself upon Joseph, who was accused of having committed the crime. But, as he was on that day at an officers' drill in Nauvoo, several hundred miles from where Boggs resided, and was seen by hundreds, and, on the day following, at a public training, where thousands of witnesses beheld him, we supposed that the crime, being charged upon him, was such an outrage upon common sense, that, when his persecutors became apprised of these facts, they would cease to accuse him. But in this we were

disappointed, for when they found it impossible to sustain the charge in this shape, they preferred it in another, in order to make it more probable. They now accused my son of sending O. P. Rockwell into Missouri, with orders to shoot the ex-governor; and, from this time, they pursued both Joseph and Porter, with all diligence, till they succeeded in getting the latter into jail, in Missouri.

Joseph, not choosing to fall into their hands, fled from the city, and secreted himself, sometimes in one place, sometimes in another. He generally kept some friend with him, in whom he had confidence, who came frequently to the city. Thus communication was kept up between Joseph, his family, and the Church. At this time, Brother John Taylor lay very sick of the fever, and was so reduced that he was not able to stand upon his feet. Joseph visited him, and, after telling him that he wished to start that night on a journey of fifty miles, requested Brother Taylor to accompany him, saying, if he would do so, he would be able to ride the whole way. Brother Taylor believing this, they set out together, and performed the journey with ease. This time Joseph remained away two weeks; then made his family and myself a short visit, after which he again left us. In this way he lived, hiding first in one place, and then in another, until the sitting of the Legislature, when, by the advice of Governor Ford, he went to Springfield, and was tried before Judge Pope for the crime alleged against him; namely, that of being accessory to the attempted assassination of ex-Governor Boggs. He was again discharged, and, when he returned home, there was a jubilee held throughout the city. The remainder of the winter, and the next spring, we spent in peace.

About the middle of June, 1843, Joseph went with his wife to visit Mrs. Wasson, who was his wife's sister. Whilst there, an attempt was made to kidnap him, and take him into Missouri, by J. H. Reynolds, from that state, and Harmon Wilson, of Carthage, Hancock county, Illinois, who was a Missourian in principle. You have read Hyrum's testimony, and can judge of the treatment which Joseph received at their hands. Suffice to say, he was shamefully abused. Wilson had authority from the governor of Illinois to take Joseph Smith, Junior, and deliver him into the

hands of the before named Reynolds; but as neither of them showed any authority save a brace of pistols, Joseph took them for false imprisonment. He then obtained a writ of habeas corpus of the master in chancery of Lee county, returnable before the nearest court authorized to determine upon such writs; and the Municipal Court of Nauvoo being the nearest one invested with this power, an examination was had before said court, when it was made to appear that the writ was defective and void: furthermore, that he was innocent of the charges therein alleged against him. It was in this case that Hyrum's testimony was given, which is rehearsed in a preceding chapter.

Not long after this I broke up house-keeping, and at Joseph's request, I took up my residence at his house. Soon after which I was taken very sick, and was brought nigh unto death. For five nights Emma never left me, but stood at my bed-side all the night long, at the end of which time, she was overcome with fatigue, and taken sick herself. Joseph then took her place, and watched with me the five succeeding nights, as faithfully as Emma had done. About this time I began to recover, and, in the course of a few weeks, I was able to walk about the house a little, and sit up during the day. I have hardly been able to go on foot further than across the street since.

On the third day of October, 1843, Sophronia, second daughter of Don Carlos, died of the scarlet fever, leaving her widowed mother doubly desolate.

CHAPTER LIV.

JOSEPH AND HYRUM ASSASSINATED.

About the time that John C. Bennett left Nauvoo, an election was held for the office of mayor, and Joseph, being one of the candidates, was elected to that office. I mention this fact, in order to explain a circumstance that took place in the winter of 1843 and 1844, which was as follows. Joseph, in organizing the city police, remarked, that, "were it not for enemies within the city, there would be no danger from foes without," adding, "If it were not for a Brutus, I might live as long as Cæsar would have lived."

Some one, who suspected that Joseph alluded to William Law, went to the latter and informed him that Joseph regarded him as a Brutus; and, that it was his own opinion, that he (Law) was in imminent danger. Law, on hearing this tale, went immediately to Joseph, who straightway called a council, and had all that knew anything concerning the matter brought together, and thus succeeded in satisfying Law, that he intended no evil in what he had said.

About this time, a man by the name of Joseph Jackson, who had been in the city several months, being desirous to marry Lovina Smith, Hyrum's oldest daughter, asked her father if he was willing to receive him as a son-in-law. Being answered in the negative, he went and requested Joseph to use his influence in his favor. As Joseph refused to do that, he next applied to Law, who was our secret enemy, for assistance in stealing Lovina from her father, and from this time forth, he continued seeking out our enemies, till he succeeded in getting a number to join him in a conspiracy to murder the whole Smith family. They commenced holding secret meetings, one of which was attended by a man named Eaton, who was our friend, and he exposed the plot.

This man declared that the Higbees Laws and Fosters were all connected with Jackson in his operations. There was also another individual, named Augustine Spencer, a dissolute character, (although a member of an excellent family,) who, I believe, was concerned in this conspiracy. About the time of Eaton's disclosures, this man went to the house of his brother Orson, and abused my sons and the Church at such a rate, that Orson finally told him that he must either stop or leave the house. Augustine refused, and they grappled. In the contest Orson was considerably injured. He went immediately to Joseph, and, stating the case, asked for a warrant. Joseph advised him to go to Dr. Foster, who was a justice of the peace. Accordingly, he went and demanded a warrant of Foster, but was refused. On account of this refusal, Foster was brought before Esquire Wells, and tried for non-performance of duty. At this trial Joseph met Charles Foster, the doctor's brother, who attempted to shoot him, as soon as they met, but was hindered by Joseph's catching his hands, and holding

him by main force, in which way Joseph was compelled to confine him above an hour, in order to preserve his own life.

Jackson and the apostates continued to gather strength, till, finally, they established a printing press in our midst. Through this organ they belched forth the most intolerable, and the blackest lies that were ever palmed upon a community. Being advised by men of influence and standing, to have this scandalous press removed, the city council took the matter into consideration, and finding that the law would allow them to do so, they declared it a nuisance, and had it treated accordingly.

At this the apostates left the city, in a great rage, swearing vengeance against Joseph and the city council, and, in fact, the whole city. They went forthwith to Carthage, and got out writs for Joseph and all those who were in any wise concerned in the destruction of the press. But, having no hope of justice in that place, the brethren took out a writ of habeas corpus, and were tried before Esquire Wells, at Nauvoo. With this the apostates were not satisfied. They then called upon one Levi Williams, who was a bitter enemy to us, whenever he was sufficiently sober to know his own sentiments, for he was a drunken, ignorant, illiterate brute, that never had a particle of character or influence until he began to call mob meetings, and placed himself at the head of a rabble like unto himself, to drive the "Mormons," at which time he was joined by certain unmentionable ones in Warsaw and Carthage; and for his zeal in promoting mobocracy, he became the intimate acquaintance and confidential friend of some certain preachers, lawyers, and representatives, and, finally, of Joseph Jackson and the apostates. He, as Colonel Levi Williams, commands the militia, (alias mob) of Hancock county. On this man, I say, they called for assistance to drag Joseph and Hyrum, with the rest of the council, to Carthage. Williams swore it should be done, and gathered his hand together. Joseph, not wishing to fall into the hands of wolves or tigers, called upon the Legion to be in readiness to defend the city and its chartered rights. Just at this crisis, Governor Ford arrived in Quincy. The apostates then appealed from the mob to the Governor. At this time he came into the midst of the mob, and asked them if they would stand by him in executing and defending the law. They said they would; and

so he organized them into militia, and then demanded the brethren for trial upon the warrant issued by Smith; (as he did not choose to recognize the right of habeas corpus granted us in the city charter). At the same time he pledged the faith of the state that the brethren should be protected from mob violence. Those called for in the warrant, made their appearance at Carthage, June 24, 1844. On the morning of the twenty-fifth, Joseph and Hyrum were arrested for treason, by a warrant founded upon the oaths of A. O. Norton and Augustine Spencer.

I will not dwell upon the awful scene which succeeded. My heart is thrilled with grief and indignation, and my blood curdles in my veins whenever I speak of it.

My sons were thrown into jail, where they remained three days in company with Brothers Richards, Taylor and Markham. At the end of this time, the Governor disbanded most of the men, but left a guard of eight of our bitterest enemies over the jail, and sixty more of the same character about a hundred yards distant. He then came into Nauvoo with a guard of fifty or sixty men, made a short speech, and returned immediately. During his absence from Carthage, the guard rushed Brother Markham out of the place at the point of the bayonet. Soon after this, two hundred of those discharged in the morning rushed into Carthage, armed, and painted black, red and yellow, and in ten minutes fled again, leaving my sons murdered and mangled corpses!

In leaving the place, a few of them found Samuel coming into Carthage, alone, on horseback, and, finding that he was one of our family, they attempted to shoot him, but he escaped out of their hands, although they pursued him at the top of their speed for more than two hours. He succeeded the next day in getting to Nauvoo in season to go out and meet the procession with the bodies of Hyrum and Joseph, as the mob had the *kindness* to allow us the privilege of bringing them home, and burying them in Nauvoo, notwithstanding the immense reward which was offered by the Missourians for Joseph's head.

Their bodies were attended home by only two persons, save those that went from this place. These were Brother Willard Richards and a Mr. Hamilton; Brother John Taylor having been

shot in prison, and nearly killed, he could not be moved until some time afterwards.

After the corpses were washed and dressed in their burial clothes, we were allowed to see them. I had for a long time braced every nerve, roused every energy of my soul, and called upon God to strengthen me; but when I entered the room, and saw my murdered sons extended both at once before my eyes, and heard the sobs and groans of my family, and the cries of "Father! Husband! Brothers!" from the lips of their wives, children, brothers and sisters, it was too much, I sank back, crying to the Lord, in the agony of my soul, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken this family!" A voice replied, "I have taken them to myself, that they might have rest." Emma was carried back to her room almost in a state of insensibility. Her oldest son approached the corpse, and dropped upon his knees, and laying his cheek against his father's, and kissing him, exclaimed, "Oh, my father! my father!" As for myself, I was swallowed up in the depths of my afflictions; and though my soul was filled with horror past imagination, yet I was dumb, until I arose again to contemplate the spectacle before me, Oh! at that moment how my mind flew through every scene of sorrow and distress which we had passed, together, in which they had shown the innocence and sympathy which filled their guileless hearts. As I looked upon their peaceful, smiling countenances, I seemed almost to hear them say,— "Mother, weep not for us, we have overcome the world by love; we carried to them the gospel, that their souls might be saved; they slew us for our testimony, and thus placed us beyond their power; their ascendancy is for a moment, ours is an eternal triumph."

I then thought upon the promise which I had received in Missouri, that in five years Joseph should have power over all his enemies. The time had elapsed and the promise was fulfilled.

I left the scene and returned to my room, to ponder upon the calamities of my family. Soon after this, Samuel said, "Mother, I have had a dreadful distress in my side ever since I was chased by the mob, and I think I have received some injury which is going to make me sick." And indeed he was then not able to sit up, as he had been broken of his rest, besides being dreadfully fatigued in

the chase, which, joined to the shock occasioned by the death of his brothers, brought on a disease that never was removed.

On the following day the funeral rites of the murdered ones were attended to, in the midst of terror and alarm, for the mob had made their arrangements to burn the city that night, but by the diligence of the brethren, they were kept at bay until they became discouraged, and returned to their homes.

In a short time Samuel, who continued unwell, was confined to his bed, and lingering till the thirtieth of July, his spirit forsook its earthly tabernacle, and went to join his brothers, and the ancient martyrs, in the Paradise of God.

At this time, William was absent on a mission to the Eastern States. And he had taken his family with him, in consequence of his wife being afflicted with the dropsy, hoping that the journey might be a benefit to her. Thus was I left desolate in my distress. I had reared six sons to manhood, and of them all, one only remained, and he was too far distant to speak one consoling word to me in this trying hour. It would have been some satisfaction to me, if I had expected his immediate return, but his wife was lying at the point of death, which compelled him to remain where he was. His case was, if it were possible, worse than mine, for he had to bear all his grief alone in a land of strangers, confined to the side of his dying wife, and absent from those who felt the deepest interest in his welfare; whilst I was surrounded with friends, being in the midst of the Church; my daughters, too, were with me, and from their society I derived great comfort.

The Church at this time was in a state of gloomy suspense. Not knowing who was to take the place of Joseph, the people were greatly wrought upon with anxiety, lest an impostor should arise and deceive many. Suddenly, Sidney Rigdon made his appearance from Pittsburgh, and rather insinuated that the Church ought to make choice of him, not as President, but as guardian; for "Joseph," said he, "is still President, and the Church must be built up unto him." But before he could carry his measures into effect, the Twelve, who had also been absent, arrived, and assuming their proper places, all was set to rights.

William, however, did not return till the spring of 1845, when, with great difficulty, he got his wife to Nauvoo. She sur-

vived but a short time after her arrival, for in about two weeks, to complete the sum of William's afflictions, he followed her to the grave. Her disease was brought on by her exposures in Missouri, so that she was what might be termed an indirect martyr to the cause of Christ, which makes the sum of martyrs in our family no less than six in number.

Shortly after William's return from the east, he was ordained Patriarch of the Church, in the place of Hyrum, who held the keys of that Priesthood previous to his death.

Here ends the history of my life, as well as that of my family, as far as I intend carrying it for the present. And I shall leave the world to judge, as seemeth them good, concerning what I have written. But this much I will say, that the testimony which I have given is true, and will stand for ever; and the same will be my testimony in the day of God Almighty, when I shall meet them, concerning whom I have testified, before angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect, before archangels and seraphims, cherubims and gods; where the brief authority of the unjust man will shrink to nothingness before him who is the Lord of lords, and God of gods; and where the righteousness of the just shall exalt them in the scale, wherein God weigheth the hearts of men. And now having, in common with the Saints, appealed in vain for justice, to Lilburn W. Boggs, Thomas Carlin, Martin Van Buren, and Thomas Ford, I bid them a last farewell, until I shall appear with them before Him who is the judge of both the quick and dead; to whom I solemnly appeal in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

(THE END*)

* An appendix containing a mission journal and letters by Don C. Smith; poems by E. R. Snow on the death of Joseph Smith, Senior, and Don Carlos Smith; and on the martyrdom of the Prophet and Patriarch, will begin in No. 1 Vol. 6 of the ERA.

THE GREAT CONFLICT.

BY ELDER HENRY W. NAISBITT.

No originality is claimed for our caption, for it is many years since it was first heard or read; "The Conflict of Ages" was a semi-religious work which soon passed into oblivion, "The Irrepressible Conflict" and "The Great Conflict," both, if rightly remembered, grew out of the civil war of this land; whether the ideas of either writer were germane to our present thought, we know not, but there is "A Conflict" on hand, a battle being fought which probably never entered into their consideration or comprehension.

The conflict now referred to is not a new one, but its phases change, its manifestations vary as "the day of decision approaches;" every human soul is interested in it, three worlds or conditions are enlisted and engaged therein; the two Titanic forces of spiritual existence—good and evil, are struggling for supremacy; their cohorts are disciplined for the occasion, the battle is on; it is localized in part, and the probabilities are that this feature will become in the near future more and more apparent; and, while the issue has been clearly defined and the result authoritatively determined, evil is becoming more desperate and more aggressive, and the observer of "the signs of the times" can clearly note that this section of the earth is and will be the hottest part of this irrepressible war.

Some would think this claim fanatical and presumptuous, but it is both reasonable, scriptural, and philosophical; for this is the gathering place, at present, for all nations, and "where the carcass is there will the eagles be gathered together;" here is where the nucleus of Zion—the kingdom of God—is formed. He hath

gathered *here* his covenant people; here is the authority or priesthood of God, all unconscious, perchance, of the mighty things which are to be evolved under its administration; the "threshing floor" is laid, the flail is in action, the wheat is being subjected to flagellation or discipline, and the tares and chaff will eventually pass through the fanning mill, when the wheat will assuredly be garnered, while "the chaff will be burned up with unquenchable fire."

The mental, moral and spiritual stamina of the gathered is being tested; they are being subjected to uncongenial influences; their agency is on the rack; now and then, we see souls "go down to death" because of non-resistance to those subtle workers who are the emissaries of Satan and the prophets of evil. Many have said, "Let us go up against Zion, that she may be defiled," and, in far too many instances, (humanly speaking) this aggressive element has been officered publicly and in secret by Jesuits of the clerical class; the old Ephesian cry, "Great is Diana," has been theirs, while all their weapons of war have been of infernal manufacture, and brought from the arsenals of religious hate, and priestly power, until prejudice, working in the guise of religion, has fostered treason against the genius of liberty, by suggesting disfranchisement and despoilation, after misrepresentation of both theory and fact.

The gathering has not been confined to the lovers of righteousness and truth; its spirit perverted, has brought together the elements of rivalry and opposition with all the auxiliaries of temptation, vice and sin; susceptible persons have become subjects and slaves of these demons of evil who "neither fear God nor regard man;" crimes, unfamiliar heretofore, have been developed, until the missionary in the world has been undecided as to whether the leading papers of this state should be circulated among either enquirers or convents abroad, because of "the strange things" found therein; but the fear was a mistaken one, for, rightly viewed, all these things were testimony to the gathering of the clans, or the conflict of spiritual forces, one seeking for salvation, the other for eternal death.

It was said, a long time ago, that "judgment begins at the house of God;" what judgment was that, if not the power of dis-

crimination between Satanic suggestion and the Spirit of God? An apostolic philosopher who understood the essential nature of and products of spiritual action working upon the soul of man, said, "the purity of the Spirit (of God) is joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," all glorifying traits and worthy of generous culture and Godlike ambition; against them there is no law.

Rebellion against supreme authority is the crowning sin of Satan, and the motto of all his legions; they untiringly seek for recreants among mankind, and they fully understand the weakness of the flesh and the results of unregenerate agency; their purpose is to thwart, if possible, the designs of God, and, while directly their actions can never over-reach his wisdom nor frustrate his aim, the malignity of spirits and their use of spirit force is always on the side of disloyalty and destruction. Yet, "No man can say, I am tempted of God, for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man, but every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust *and enticed*," (James 1: 13, 14,) "and the works of the flesh are adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulation, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murder, drunkenness, revelings, and such like of the which I have told you before, as I have also told you (like a faithful minister of God) in times past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."—(Paul).

No man can claim exemption from the penalty of unrighteousness; none can be lauded or prayed or preached into heaven; none can excuse themselves because of spiritual agencies or because of the power of fascination or temptation, for great authority said, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you," but a greater, setting us an example, said, "Get thee behind me Satan, for it is written, thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve."

"The beginning of sin is as the letting in of water," said the old sage, and an apostle wrote, "When lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin, and sin when it is finished bringeth forth death." Another said, "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law." In other words, disobedience, rebellion, treason are

the arch-enemies of many, instigated, encouraged, by the emissaries of evil, whether in the flesh or of the spirit.

The unusual carnival of crime hereabouts establishes the philosophy of spiritual force and activity; it demonstrates that the heat of the contest is not in the world, New York, London, Paris, these are already in the arms of the wicked one; the fight will in due time spread no doubt; for the prophet declared that "The Lord would hold a controversy with the nations"—that "he will plead with all flesh," and the cry now is, "If the Lord be God, serve him, but if Baal, then serve him," but the nations are already forewarned that those who will not serve him shall perish, "nay shall be utterly wasted away."

It was prophesied in the early days of Jesus, "This child is set for the rise and fall of many in Israel;" it was predicted of the latter-day prophet that "his name should be known for good or evil in all the world;" both have been fulfilled; the first said, "How often would I have gathered you together," the latter filled the dicta of an older prophet, "Gather my sons together, ye who have made covenant with me by sacrifice." Said we not truly, "this covenant people are here; here is the battle-ground, the contest is being waged, the powers of good, the authority of God, leads the forces of true spiritual life, progress and success; the alien forces of Satan are led by demagogues, politicians, designing men, lovers of evil, enemies of truth and righteousness; in every garb, they have declared themselves, and they have laid seige to "the kingdom;" all the batteries of temptation, and all alluring sin are here; men have become possessed of evil spirits; they are charmed by spurious liberty; they "call evil good, and good evil;" and the results of subservience to those powers of darkness are seen in the calendars, while "secret sins" are ravaging and overturning the foundations of social security, honesty, honor, virtue; regard for life and property, financial delinquency, official prostitution, the encouragement of saloons, whoredoms, pleasure and excessive expenditure, bear continuous testimony of the Gentiles and forgetfulness of God!

Spiritual bondage is inevitable where "perilous times are come," for then men are "lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful,

unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." Such are under the dominion of Satan. "Know ye not," said Paul, "that to whom ye list yourselves to obey, his servants ye are, whether of sin unto death or of obedience unto righteousness."

Surely this is true philosophy, surely men do become subservient to evil, accomplices in disloyalty and rebellion! Surely every man who is unfamiliar or indifferent or negligent as to this, who tampers with evil, who yields to suggestions, who is willing to be in the dark, who is not in possession of or has grieved and lost the spirit, must know, does know, that, left to himself, he becomes "subject to every evil work," and that countless numbers are engaged in this controversy, and war is, according to the revealings of the spirit of truth, surely evident enough.

"Give not heed to seducing spirits," has been advised since the organization of the Church. "Try the spirits," was the advice of experience. "Many spirits have gone forth to deceive;" it was revealed of old that "*strong delusions*" should characterize the latter-day, making victims of those who take pleasure in unrighteousness. To try the spirits hereabouts, is as much of a necessity, if not a greater one, as in any preceding dispensation.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH.

BY L. L. GREENE RICHARDS.

who is now dead but

Elder John W. Hess, ^{as yet} who was for a long time president of the Davis stake of Zion, has given exceedingly interesting reminiscences of the Prophet Joseph. *acco*

When Elder Hess was a boy, about twelve years of age, his father rented a house at Richmond Landing, or, as the place was also called, Pomeroy's Ferry. There the Saints landed who came by water from Kirtland to go to Far West. And there the

Prophet Joseph, in company with his brothers Hyrum and William, and others, thirteen in all, stopped as they were returning from laying out the city of Far West. They stayed with the family of Father Hess for thirteen days.

hard The Prophet was studying Greek and Latin. He would study intently until he was very tired. Then he would come out of his room and ~~engage~~ *engage* in a game, perhaps it would be "hide and seek," with the children, showing the child-like simplicity which characterized the life of that great man. And oh, how he was beloved by every member of that family!

Brother Hess says he has never seen any one else that he has loved as he loved the Prophet Joseph Smith. He can remember of Joseph's taking him on his lap at different times, and of putting his own arms around the beloved Prophet's neck and being embraced by him; and that, being thus clasped to the noble, generous, mighty heart of the Prophet, gave him a heavenly sensation never to be described or forgotten.

Upon one occasion, the little boy heard some of the brethren talking of the strength they felt they possessed in resisting temptation, and he never forgot what the Prophet said to them; it was: "Brethren, if you get onto the Devil's ground, he will handle you! Keep away from him, the farther the better!"

When the Prophet went away from the home he had found with Father Hess, you would have thought there had been a funeral in the family, the children all loved him so! This is as Elder Hess remembers those days and events..

THE CASTLE BUILDER.

BY NEPHI ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "ADDED UPON," "MARCUS KING MORMON," ETC.

XI.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE!

Snow was falling when Harald reached Christiania. The short winter day was closing; the gas lamps had been lighted, and a smoky haze had settled down over the city. He curbed his impetuosity, and waited until the next morning to call on Thora.

Her address led him to the outskirts of the city, away up towards the fields where the rents were low. The street-car took him to within two blocks of the place, and then he walked on towards the street which had been extended into the country like a long arm stretching out from the body.

His heart beat rapidly, as he climbed the stairs to the second story of the house. He paused for breath by the door bearing the proper number. He was fearful lest he should make a noise. The halls were still—no one seemed to be moving. Perhaps he had come out too early. He looked at his watch which marked the hour at half past ten.

Standing there "to settle his nerves," he heard the faint clicking of a sewing machine, accompanied by the low hum of a human voice, coming from the room directly in front of him. Was it Thora, already at work?

Giving the little handle by the side of the door a pull, he heard a bell tingle within the room. The noise of the machine stopped, and light footsteps came towards the door. The door opened, and Thora Bernhard stood before him!

It was the Thora of years ago, rather than the Thora of the

picture. Though taller than when he had last seen her, she had the same thin, pale cheeks, full lips, and large, expressive eyes, now so full of life's meaning—it might have been the day after her confirmation. Thora did not know him until he spoke. Then the color bathed her neck, and mounted to her face.

"Good morning, sister," he said.

"Good morning, sir. Is it—is it Mr. Einersen?"

"And you do not know me? I must have changed. I could have picked you out from the largest crowd that ever promenaded on Karl Johan."

"Well, come in, then. You must excuse my untidiness; but I have been at work all the morning, and, of course, I did not expect visitors."

She placed him a chair, then busied herself with picking up the litter from her dress-making, and shoved the machine into a corner. She was somewhat embarrassed; he could see that.

Harald was a little disappointed. He had pictured to himself a scene, in which she should have taken refuge in his arms. When she had arranged her room a little more tidily, she sat down on a chair in the remotest corner from him.

"You came from Larvik?" she asked.

"Yes."

"You left father well?"

"Fairly well, yes."

Then there was a pause. Harald was at a loss how to act, or what to say. He had failed to put himself in her place.

"When I received your last letter, I lost no time in coming," he said.

"Yes." She toyed with the cover on the table. "I thought that coming to see me would be the last thing you would do, after receiving my letter."

"Why so?"

"Oh, you would give me up as being beyond redemption—as being lost to all good influences."

"You would have me judge you as others have done?"

"My father has cast me off. What could I expect from any other?" There were tears in her eyes now. Then it came suddenly to him that this woman did not understand him. How

could she, when he had not told her? How foolish of him, not to tell her at once!

"Father would not understand me," she went on. "He would not listen to me——"

"But I understand you, Thora, I understand you, Sister Thora." Harald arose and went over to the table. "I have always understood you, I believe; and I understand you now."

"You understand that I am a 'Mormon.' I made it plain to you in my letter, did I not?"

"I understand that you are a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Thora. I thank God for this knowledge, because—because—I also have received of the precious light."

"What do you mean, Harald Einersen?"

"I, also, am a 'Mormon'—I also, Thora."

"No!"

"Yes; it is true. I am not deceiving you. I am also a Latter-day Saint."

"Oh! it can't be true."

"But it is, Thora, it is true."

"But you are the Head Master in West Akerby school."

"No; I am not. I am nothing now, nothing in this world's estimation; but I hope something in the eyes of my Heavenly Father, and in the eyes of my brethren and sisters."

Thora had also arisen. She looked into the face of the young man as if to read his innermost thoughts. Harald had never seen such beauty before. The love of a life's accumulation welled up in his heart for her. He saw that well-tried soul, in its strength. He saw that purified heart in all its immaculateness. From his own experience, he judged of hers. The simplicity, the trustfulness, the innocence of the child, shone from her face. The longing to take her in his arms was well-nigh irresistible.

"Have you also given up everything for the salvation of your soul?" she asked.

"I have given up everything; that is, everything worldly—honor, ambition, riches, all have gone, and I thought, love also, Thora—but God has been good to me in that, I hope he has, Thora."

"I know what you have suffered. I know; oh, I know—I have also placed all on the altar."

"All but your love, Thora."

"I placed all, I said; yes, even my love. I placed that on the altar, too!"

"And God has accepted the sacrifice, but given back your love to you thrice blessed. Has he not, Thora?"

"I—I don't know. How can I know!"

Harald stepped around to her side. "I can tell you," he said; but he spoke not another word. He took her trembling hands. She looked into his face; ah, that look; but her eyes were full of tears and she bowed her head. It was so near to his shoulder that he could not resist pressing it down. It lay there quietly, while he gently stroked back the wavy, brown curls from her forehead.

God had again been good—good beyond expression, to two human hearts.

* * * * *

"And now you must go back to Larvik with me. Can you get ready by tomorrow?"

"O, Harald, did father say so. May I come home?"

"Well, he didn't exactly say yes; but we can manage it."

"But I can not get ready by tomorrow, I have a dress to finish. Yes; I am a dressmaker now. I have had to live."

"It must be hard."

"What, to work? Oh, no, work has been a great help to me. Of course, I was somewhat clumsy at first, but now I pride myself in being a good dressmaker."

"Well, I don't think we ought to stay away from your father any longer than possible."

"Give me two days; I can be ready by that time. Poor, dear father, is he that ill?"

"He is not strong. I have been staying with him all winter, but he did not know that I was a 'Mormon' until just before my leaving Larvik. I had not told him before, fearing that had he known, he would not have given me a chance to help him; and I believe I have helped him. He seemed to appreciate me from the first. But when I received your letter, I saw my true position,

that I was usurping the place of his own child. Then I told him?"

"What did he say?"

"He tried hard to be angry with me, but I don't think it amounted to much. However, I may have to leave his employ, but, if he has put up with an ugly 'Mormon' for three months, he can surely countenance a fair one for the same length of time."

She rewarded him with a glance of the eye, betraying a mind overflowing with love and happiness, then sprang up to prepare lunch, which, however, he prevailed upon her not to do.

"Go with me down to the Steam Kitchen," he said.

"Oh, but my sewing," she exclaimed.

"You will save time by taking a rest. The run will do you good. We can be back in an hour or two at the most."

"Well, my quarters are rather stuffy, and I believe I'll go."

In a few minutes she appeared, ready for the street. Even if Thora had to work for a living, it was noticed that her dress was in no way shabby nor poor.

So, walking to the street car line, and riding to town, they had their dinner at that rather democratic dining room, the Steam Kitchen. They took their time about it, too; Thora's press of work did not bother them. They were as heart-glad boy and girl, freed from some long and dreary school-room task.

In the afternoon of the third day, Harald and Thora were seated in a coupe of the Larvik train. When they emerged from the dingy city, they saw the snow-covered country glistening in the sun, while the forests of pine and fir looked black against the whiteness of the snow. To these two, sitting there side by side close together, peace had come at last. The struggle was virtually over. Not that all trials were over, not that the future would be all plain sailing, but nothing, it seemed to them, could come now to mar their peace. The great struggle was over. The crisis had been passed. The supreme sacrifice had been made and accepted. All else, even to the laying down of life, was not to be dreaded. Their thoughts were too deep for utterance, so they sat silent for a long time.

"God is good," she whispered, as if in prayer. After a time, he said:

"Thora, if we had only known, what a comfort and strength

we could have been to each other. To think that we were fighting the same battle alone and separate, when we could just as well have been together! It would not have been half so hard."

"No; perhaps it would have been no trial at all, Harald. God willed to try us alone. Had we known, it might have been too easy to accept the truth, because—because——"

"Because we loved each other. That's what you were going to say, isn't it?"

He hardly heard the whispered, "yes."

"And you have loved me all the time, Thora, even as I have loved you. You can't deny it—you don't deny it?"

"Why should I contradict. I don't like to quarrel."

"I always thought you cared for me, Thora, even away back in boyhood days, even if I was a poor, ignorant boy."

"Not ignorant, Harald. You were always smarter in school than I was."

"But I was not at the head of my class on confirmation day, was I?"

"No, but you ought to have been."

"Yes; you have told me that before."

"Thora," said he again, after a pause, "was I not bold to think of you as I did?"

"No; I would not have loved you, had you been less courageous. I thought, I have always thought, that you were a sort of Viking, and would, like your ancestors, not let such a little thing as humble birth, or poverty, hinder you from getting anything you had set your heart upon."

"Did you think that? Thank you for telling me. You are just like grandmother——"

"Oh, thank you; now I know I am getting along in years, but——"

"You know what I mean," he laughed, "grandmother was always telling me that I could become what I wished to become, in righteousness, she always added, if I had the faith and grit; also she said that she could have traced her lineage back to Harald Haarfagre if she had taken any stock in the matter of blue-blooded pedigree."

"Well, you would better get that genealogy," said she. "It will be useful some day."

About ten o'clock, they arrived at Larvik. Merchant Bernhard's servant met them at the door. Yes, Mr. Bernhard was in, but he was very ill. The doctor was with him.

"O, Harald, are we too late?" exclaimed Thora.

"I hope not." They went in. "Tell the doctor that we would like to speak to him."

In a few minutes, the doctor came, and Harald explained matters to him.

"I fear he will not know you," said the doctor; "but you may come in. It can not harm him. He talks about you, Miss Bernhard, in his delirium."

They all went into the sick room, and Thora walked softly up to the bedside. The old man was lying with his face to the wall, as if asleep, so she did not disturb him, but stood looking at his pale, sunken face, and head as white as the pillow on which it lay.

"If he is asleep, we would better not disturb him," said the doctor. "I believe he is resting."

Harald was surprised at the great change the few days of his absence had made. The old man must have suffered greatly.

The doctor said that there would be no objection to them watching by his bedside. In fact, their presence would help the patient, and if he should recognize them, so much the better. But the doctor did not understand why they both were doubtful about that. However, as the patient seemed to be sleeping, the doctor left, and Thora drew up a chair to the bedside where she sat watching the dear, pale face. After a time she told Harald to go to bed, she would remain with her father the rest of the evening. She and the nurse would be able to manage for the night.

About midnight, the sick man turned towards the side of the bed where Thora was sitting. He looked the girl in the face, but did not seem to recognize her. However, he made no objections when she took his hand and held it firmly in her own; and when she, with her other hand, gently smoothed back the hair from his forehead, he lay peaceably looking at her until again he fell asleep.

The next morning, the doctor pronounced his patient much

better, thanks to Miss Bernhard's assistance. It did seem that the daughter's subtle influence, or faith or prayer, call it what you will, had its effect on the father. He would lie for hours holding her hand and looking into her face. At first, it was certain that he did not know her; but in a day or two, Thora imagined that his eyes penetrated the mist, and that he recognized her; but he said nothing. Then a little, faint smile came over his face, at times when he was looking at her, and at that Thora took courage.

Thus the days passed. The improvement, was slow, still it was improvement, said the doctor. Harald attended to the business as usual. Thora devoted her whole time and attention to her father.

Then there came a time—in about ten days—when the father talked freely to both Thora and Harald. Never once did he mention the matter of religion or the "Mormons." He acted as if his daughter had never been away from him, had never been forbidden to enter his door. And Thora was too overjoyed to say anything that would remind him, even if he had forgotten. The old merchant was changed. His harshness had softened, and his severe manner had given place to much gentleness.

One day when he was able to sit up, he called Harald to him.

"How goes the business, Harald?" he asked.

"As well as can be expected, I think."

"Well, are you still in the mind of resigning your position?"

"Well, no, sir. Not if you want me."

"Well, I want you. At least until I am well again. Oh, I'm getting well rapidly now, and I'll be around again after awhile. Then we'll see; you'll stay until then?"

"Certainly."

"All right—and say, Harald, don't imagine that I have forgotten about this 'Mormon' business. I haven't; but we will not say anything about it now. And as for Thora, she has saved my life, I think, and she will have to stay. I was going swiftly when she came and pulled me back—yes, pulled me back just as really as if she had a rope on me, pulling me away from an awful chasm into which I was falling; and then, she is my daughter, isn't she? and I can't altogether forget that, now—she's the only one I have on earth, and it's so lonesome, to be alone."

Thora came around to his chair, for she had been in the room all the time, and her father had known it.

"O, father, thank you, and God bless you," she cried, as her arms went around his neck, and she kissed him on the cheek. Then they both cried softly, and he held her brown curls tightly against his cheeks.

Harald went out and left them together.

XII.

CASTLES OLD AND NEW.

The winter months passed, and Merchant Bernhard slowly regained health. Thora waited and watched over him with utmost solicitude. She was the life of the house again, and her smiles and songs gladdened the heart of her father.

The subject of her religious belief was never considered in their many talks. Once or twice, Thora had tried to explain some things, but, after listening long enough to get the drift of her argument, he had told her in a gentle way that he did not care to discuss such matters. Sometimes Thora sang "Mormon" hymns, assisted by Harald. At such times, the father would listen with an expression on his face, as if he enjoyed the music, but no comment was made by him.

Yet, they were sweet days to Harald and Thora, those days of getting better acquainted with each other, those days of love-making. The long separation had made changes in both; and, in other conditions it would have taken more time to break through the strangeness between them, but the gospel is a wonderful, golden link which readily connects the sweet current of love.

"We have obeyed the new commandment," Harald told Thora one day.

"What is that?"

"That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

They often read the scriptures together, and discussed the new found delights in them. The Bible became an open book to them, now. Many mystic passages were made clear. Many

truths that had escaped their eyes before, now shone from the inspired record. Had they not been "born again of the Spirit," and "the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God."

* * * * *

Once again over the frozen northern land, the frost giants were forced to retreat to their abode farther north; and Iduna, the goddess of spring, came with her wealth of sunshine and flowers. Thora appreciated the return of spring more than ever, as she had been confined to the house very closely; one afternoon when her father and Harald were talking of a business trip to Vangen, which the latter was obliged to take, Thora asked to go, too. She longed to see the old home again, and many of Vangen's people, also, she said.

The father could not object, as he was now able to get about and take care of himself. The next day saw Harald and Thora on the way.

Thora was delighted. It was like going home again, she exclaimed. From the steamboat landing at Vangen, they went up the familiar street to Merchant Bernhard's former place of business. Thora had looked forward with delight to meeting her old friends, but alas, she had again forgotten that she was no longer of this world, and that this world loved only its own. Some of her acquaintances would hardly speak to her. Many of them were not ashamed to openly taunt her. She had wished again to see the old white-painted home not far from the store, but its present owners did not even invite her in, so they had to be satisfied with leaning on the fence and looking at the lawn and garden.

"I see the conservatory is gone," she said. "They don't care much for flowers, I can see that."

"Not even roses," said he. She looked coyly at him—they understood each other.

Thora staid at the little hotel while Harald transacted his business. It was late in the afternoon when he returned.

"Are you going out this evening?" he asked.

"No; I've had plenty for one day. 'We are fools—for Christ's sake,'" she said.

"'But we are wise in Christ,' said Harald, finishing the quotation.

The next morning, Harald secured a man to drive them up to Opdal where they arrived just before noon, putting the Gundersen household in a flurry of excitement. The older boys were away, but the other children stood around staring at their brother and his fine lady. The mother was busy over a big pot of mush which she was preparing for dinner, and the mush-stick was going with force into the depths of the boiling mass when the two visitors appeared at the door.

"Good! we're just in time," exclaimed Harald, good naturedly, "I am so hungry for a plate of good, old-fashioned mush, and here we have it."

As a rule, mush was not good enough for visitors, but Harald set the housewife's fears at rest by saying that they would eat nothing else, so she need not bother.

Soon the father came home for his mid-day meal, and there was a warm greeting between them.

"And this is Sister Bernhard, father," said Harald, as he presented Thora to him.

The father held her hand a long time, as he glanced from one to the other.

"This is Merchant Bernhard's daughter, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Harald, "but don't you understand? I said Sister Bernhard."

Then he understood. "Is it true?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

"Then, welcome, sister; and God bless you, and give you strength according to your day."

"Thank you, Brother Gundersen."

The mush was relished; also the potatoes and salted herring. Harald noted that there was a snow-white cloth on the table; and that the dishes were new, since he had been there the summer before. He saw many other signs of comfort and adornment in the home, which the wife had been able to procure for the money which before had gone to the whiskey dealer.

The father was not so crowded with work but he could take a half holiday that afternoon. Harald must tell him many things, and he had much news to tell Harald. So they talked and

sang all the afternoon. The wife no sooner had the dinner dishes cleared than she began preparations for the next meal.

"Elder Olsen had visited Opdal a number of times during the winter," said Harald's father. "He has held many meetings in the neighborhood, and before his last departure he ordained me an Elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." The old man said it with the deepest solemnity. "I don't know why I should be thus honored, I who have been a sinner all my days, I who am not learned in the knowledge of the schools. However, I thank God for his goodness, and I try to honor the priesthood conferred upon me. I hold meetings nearly every evening, lately, and I have hopes of bringing many to a knowledge of the truth."

"Have you a meeting tonight?"

"Yes; one down at Gulbrandsen's."

"Then, we'll go with you."

Great was the surprise of the neighbors when they saw the whole of Einer Gundersen's family, save Holger, walk into the place of meeting. Ridicule turned to wonder when they saw Thora Bernhard take her seat close by the table and take part in the singing. Greater was the surprise when towards the close of the services, they saw her arise by the table, and bear her testimony to the truth of what the two previous speakers had said.

"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth?" she said in closing. "No; I want all you good people here to know it. Many of you have known me for years. You know my father. You know what our standing is, yet I want to tell you that I am not ashamed of being called a 'Mormon.' The name is nothing, but the principles are everything. In Christ's time it was as great a reproach to be called a Christian as it is now to be called a 'Mormon.' Listen to this man. He will tell you the truth; and you know, all of you, what a power for good the gospel has been to him. Many of you need this power not only to save in the eternal worlds, but to save you from the gross appetites of your own perverse nature. God bless you. Amen."

"Amen," said Einer Gundersen, so loud that everyone heard.

The next afternoon Harald and Thora were sailing down the fjord towards Vangen. The day was fine. The breeze pushed the boat

so gently through the water that scarcely a ripple appeared. Harald had passed in and out of that fjord many, many times, but never yet in such a happy mood. Thora sat in the prow of the little boat, and sang softly to the hills, which echoed back her voice in yet gentler strains.

Some miles down from Opdal, the mountain juts close to the sea, and high, rocky cliffs extend out into the water. Towards this point, Harald steered, and they were close under the rocks before Thora saw what he was doing.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Do you recognize this place?"

Thora looked up to the rocks, and then at the narrow strip of clean sand which stretched away by their side.

"Yes, I remember—I remember your castle too. Let us go ashore and see if there is any of it remaining.

"Just what I was going to propose," he said, as he brought the boat in to a small cove. Then he leaped ashore, fastened the boat, and helped Thora out.

Up on the sand, close under the cliff, they saw a small pile of stones—once their playhouse on that afternoon, years and years ago, when they were children. Father Gundersen had pretty well demolished it that afternoon, but traces of the foundation stones could still be seen, laid to a square, and some of the larger blocks had tilted over in such a manner that a low roof had been formed in one corner of the ruins. Harald went around to where Thora had planned the forest back of the castle—he remembered it all clearly—and peeped in between the rocks.

Whirr! a wild duck flew from its nest, and out onto the fjord. Harald motioned to Thora to come and see. There was the nest, cosily made with sea-weed and moss, and in it four beautiful eggs.

"The castle has been stormed and taken," said he, and usurpers are living in our house. "What shall we do about it?"

"Let them live in peace," she said. "There is room for us out on those rocks. Here—help me up, and we'll sit on the ledge, while you tell me another fairy story."

He lifted her up. She was heavier than when he lifted her years ago, but he was now stronger, too. She found a comfortable seat on a stone, and he sat down by her side.

The rocks faced the west, and the warm sun shone brightly upon them. Away out lay the Three Trolds, and just a glimpse of the ocean could be seen beyond. The broad fjord basked in the sun, and even the bold headlands might have been giants sleeping. Up in the forest, on the hillside, there was the twitter of birds, and from the dim distance sounded the faint tinkle of a sheep's bell. Then the wild fowl came back to her nest in the rocks. Thora watched the anxious mother courteously enter her home, and when the duck had disappeared, the girl smiled upon the manly form by her side.

"So you wish a fairy story," he said. "I fear I have forgotten them all; but I can tell you a true story."

"But it will not be so fascinating, I know. I don't see how you can sit here in this heavenly place and talk of common matters."

"But this story is the most interesting in the whole world. It is not new; it has been told millions of times, by all people, in all climes, from the days of Adam until now. Yet it always bears repeating, and it never gets common-place nor dull. In fact, this story is not the property of man only, but all nature can tell it, and be told it, in its own deep-hidden language. The birds warble it, the wild fowl tells it to his mate. This story may at times be forgotten, but it revives again, even as the lilies-of-the-valley appear each spring time on the hill-sides in the forest. Would you like to hear the story, Thora?"

She answered with a laugh; and then threw her glance away up the mountains, on the other side of the fjord.

"It's short—it'll not take long."

"Well?"

"It is composed of three words or chapters or parts or books—but that is just as the teller tells it, and the listener takes it. They are: 'I love you.'"

"That is a short story for such a long preface."

"Ah, I can make it longer—I love you, I love you, I—"

"Hush! What a silly man you are!" The hand on his head gave his hair a pull.

"Thora," he continued, "I had a long talk with Elder Olsen when he called at Larvik to bid us goodbye, and I asked his opinion

about our getting married. As a rule, he said, the advice is that converts wait until they can gather with the Saints, and have the ceremony properly performed in the Temple; but, in our case, he thought it probably best not to wait. It may be some time before we can leave. Your father depends on us; the business needs us; and we can do much good where we are. What do you think of it?"

"I don't know, Harald. I have desired to be married in a temple—but if you think—did Elder Olsen say all that, or are you just fibbing a little?"

"No, Thora, I am in earnest. I think it will be best. We would better get married now, and when we reach Zion, we can go to the Temple and there obtain our blessings, and be united for time and all eternity. What a blessed hope that is!"

"It shall be just as you say, Harald. I will leave it to you."

He found room beside her on the rocky shelf. Then he went on, telling her of his hopes and plans; and they were as bright as a heart overflowing with love can inspire; she sat and listened with love's rapture in her eyes.

"You are such a castle builder!" she cried.

"Yes; always have been, and always will be. When I cease to build castles, then I cease to live, which I pray God never will be, neither in this world nor in the world to come. I believe in castles, Thora, yes even in what men call castles in the air. History teaches me that back of what we call facts, there has always been a subtle force; before the act there has been the dream; as the architect is to the builder, so is the vision to the realization. In fact, castle-building is but another name for Faith—that power, which God himself exercises, we are told, and by which the worlds were framed. From boyhood I have built castles. Some of them have not materialized. That is because they were not constructed along the fundamental lines that God, the Great Architect, has laid down. But most of them have been substantiated, and I firmly believe that those which we will erect for the near future, Thora—you and I—will also be realized. As for the future life, my mind fails me, my imagination is too weak, but here are some of the foundation stones on which we may build." Harald took from his pocket his testa-

ment, and, turning from passage to passage, they read, both bending over the book:

"For ye . . . took joyfully the spoiling of your goods, knowing in yourselves that ye have in heaven a better and an enduring substance."

"That will be pretty fine material with which to build castles, won't it?"

"Again, the Lord promises the faithful 'An inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you.'

"'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.'

"'He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.'

"'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.'

"There! conceive of it, Thora. We can not understand, only as God touches our eyes, and our hearts, with his love, when a faint glimpse of its glories is given to us."

The two sat in silence. From the fjord come faint sounds of music, wafted by the breeze from the notes of an accordion which some fisher-lad was playing. The afternoon was passing, and yet they tarried.

"Yes, Thora," he said, "we will walk together, not only to the river of death, but also out beyond that stream into the golden realms of eternity. 'All things shall be ours, whether life or death, or things present, or things to come,' all shall be ours, as they are Christ's, and Christ is God's; for then all power will be given us, and we shall be celestial beings, to walk and work in God's universe forever. Then we may build our castles, and set them in the garden of the Lord, there to stand forever, reflecting the glory of God. We may adorn them with all the beauty that our hearts can desire or our imagination conceive, for will not the riches of eternity be at our command and service! Then shall we be truly rich, for God will give to us our inheritance. Then shall we

be truly wise, for all heights and depths of knowledge will be open to us. Then shall we be truly powerful, for nature's secrets will be to us as an open book, and the elements will be in our hands as clay in the hands of a child.

"Thora, to live and love forever—my mind is lost in the infinitude. I may talk about the home I shall build you, my queen, with its gleaming marble and precious stones: I may try to picture it surrounded with trees and grass and flowers and singing birds; I may try to tell of the new joys forever springing up, the new triumphs to be celebrated, the flights to be taken into the regions of never-ending wisdom and knowledge—but, the human mind is weak. Though God has given us a glimpse, Thora, it is but a glimpse, after all—but I thank God for that much. What lies before us yet in this life, we know not, but as long as we have this glorious light of hope shining along our path, though that path may be beset with danger and suffering, and strewn with ruin and desolation, yet will we lift our eyes to the light and journey on."

The sun went down, and the sky grew full of color. In the solemn hush of evening, every small sound was distinctly heard. Then these minor notes were hushed, one by one. The breeze blew soft and low through the pine forest; the waters laved soothingly the sand; the distant ocean murmured in deep, low tones; the shadows grew deeper, and the stillness of night came on. Then all sounds melted into one—the soft, soul-penetrating cadence of a world asleep.

Harald and Thora went silently down to the boat. The sail was hoisted, and they floated into a silver sea. Over head, steady and true and constant, shone the Polar Star.

[THE END.]

PHILOSOPHY OF JOSEPH SMITH'S TEACHINGS.

A SUGGESTIVE STUDY.

BY EDWIN F. PARRY.

The writings and teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith and the revelations given through him present many strong evidences that he was inspired of heaven. A study of his life and works is a worthy pursuit for any young man. The prophetic utterances of the Prophet—such as have been or are being fulfilled—are not the only proofs of his inspiration. The wisdom and philosophy of his teachings afford additional testimony to the fact that he was divinely enlightened.

In the world generally, only men of mature years, of wide experience, and ripe scholarship, are regarded as philosophers. It has been said that a man's mind does not begin to be philosophical until he is past forty years of age. Joseph Smith fell a martyr at the age of thirty-eight, and yet the wisdom of the doctrines he advanced is equal to that of the most profound thinkers the world has ever known. Take for an illustration this one gem of philosophy from the writings of the Prophet:

“There is a law irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated; and when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated.”

Those of experience will be convinced, on due consideration, that this is true philosophy—a wise axiom. It is a key to the treasury of heavenly knowledge, for it opens the door to the store-

house of eternal and inestimable riches. It is also a fitting supplement to the words of the Savior: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" for it appears that it is necessary not only to ask for blessings, but to obey the conditions upon which they are promised. How clearly this one brief statement made by the Prophet reveals to the mind the secret that has made men great and good and favored of Heaven! Through their obedience to the laws upon which they were predicated, or based, were such men enabled to receive the blessings and privileges which they enjoyed. It also points the way by which we can become like them, and partake of similar blessings, and that is by complying with the conditions or laws upon which all blessings are promised. If we desire to "come to God"—to learn of his ways—we must have faith in him—"for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." If we would have our sins remitted, we must repent of them, for without repentance there can be no remission. If we wish to enter into the kingdom of God, we may by complying with the requirement—be "born of water and of the Spirit." If we would have eternal life—the greatest gift of God—we must "keep the commandments." If we seek temporal or physical blessings, we are required to obey the laws upon which they are to be gained. To enjoy health, to "run and not be weary" and to "walk and not faint," the admonitions given in what we call the Word of Wisdom must be observed. A whole sermon of much practical value might be drawn from this one inspired sentence expressed by the Prophet, for it reveals to the mind a vast field of enlightenment.

"A man is saved no faster than he gets knowledge," is an aphorism voiced by the Prophet Joseph Smith; and another saying of his might be coupled with it: "It is impossible for a man to be saved in ignorance." The more one understands about the real nature of salvation, the more fully can he appreciate the truth of this expressive statement. For, what is salvation but the development of the God-given faculties or attributes inherent in man? and the proper cultivation of these attributes is what enables one to gain true knowledge.

The above is only suggestive of what might be said respecting

the philosophy of Joseph Smith's teachings. The writer has no desire even to attempt anything like an exhaustive treatise upon the subject, but only wishes to call attention to it. In the Prophet's writings and revelations there are many such gems of wisdom to be found. But it will be far more interesting and profitable for the reader to search out these hidden treasures for himself than to have them presented to him as the result of some other person's researches. Precious gems, of whatever nature they may be, are valued more highly through having been gathered by personal effort than if collected through the efforts of others.

As an incentive for young readers to study the revelations given to the Prophet, I would recommend that they carefully read the book of Doctrine and Covenants, and as they proceed, note down with pen or pencil the most striking of the wise maxims or philosophical sayings found therein. Another perusal of the book might be made for the purpose of noting the prophetic passages. By submitting it to these tests, it will be found that the book is a mine of unlimited wealth. The time it will take to study it in the manner suggested, will not be wasted, for the information gained thereby will tend to strengthen one's conviction of the divinity of the latter-day Prophet's mission; for one cannot critically examine his teachings without being impressed with the reality of their divine origin.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

Live for something, have a purpose,
And that purpose keep in view;
Drifting like a helpless vessel,
Thou canst ne'er to life be true.
Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
If some star had been their guide,
Might have long been riding safely,
But they drifted with the tide.—

Selected.

BISHOP EDWARD HUNTER.

BY OSCAR F. HUNTER, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

V.

ON THE PLAINS AND IN UTAH.

Shortly after the martyrdom, Edward Hunter was ordained a high priest, and on November 23, 1844, he was ordained and set apart as bishop of one of the Nauvoo wards, by President Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Bishop Whitney, the first named being mouth. His narrative continues:

"Among the many blessings conferred upon me, I was very much impressed when President Young said, 'You shall have power to raise up the drooping spirit.' When those words were uttered, a remarkable sensation from the ends of President Young's fingers seemed to enter into my head and permeate my whole body.

"Confirming his words, I continued to act as bishop of the fifth ward in Nauvoo for three years, until I was called away. I found the members of my ward very liberal, doing all that they could to assist in building the temple. The poor were looked after and made comfortable. Finally, the temple was finished; the Saints were receiving a small remuneration for their labors, and we felt to rejoice exceedingly; many obtained their endowments, but the enemy of the Saints said, 'You can't stay here, you must find another place to dwell, as your spirit isn't congenial with ours, and we will drive you out of the land.'

"A committee of three was sent from Quincy, Illinois, to arrange for our leaving the country. One of the committee a Mr. Pearson, who formerly came from Chester county, Pa., my birth-

place, said he was acquainted with me. I saw him in the temple. I said to him, 'How is it that this people can't share the blessings and laws of our country?' He was confused, and replied, 'Mr. Hunter, I know you better than you know me; my father's office was in the same building as yours, when you were acting as commissioner, and if this people were all like you, it would be different.' I said to him, 'You are not acquainted with this people, only with myself, but I wish you to understand that there are just as good men as I am, and better, in this community.' He said, 'Your Church is not popular, and cannot stay here by the consent of the people.'

"The Twelve and others of the brethren left, in the winter of 1845 and 1846. I was counseled to remain, but left the next summer; I let part of my property go for an outfit; it did not bring me one-tenth of its value; some I deeded to the Trustee-in-trust, and some I left, making no transfer whatever; which registered a loss of over fifty thousand dollars to me.

"I moved to Iowa; was taken sick; remained there for about six weeks; we were all sick—family and teamsters; recovered from our sickness sufficiently to continue our journey to Winter Quarters; spent the winter fixing up and preparing for the west, although we suffered with sickness, twelve of the family being prostrate at the same time.

"The Pioneers finally took their departure over a trackless country, uninviting and uninhabited by the white man, having cautiously to feel their way; making friends with the red men of the forest, and putting their trust in the God of Jacob; building bridges and making a passable road for those who would follow after them, to the far, western, Rocky Mountains.

"Six weeks after the Pioneers left Council Bluffs, I left with the first company, following in their trail. I was appointed Captain of our hundred. On our way, we met some Indians who were disposed to be friendly; bought buffalo meat and buffalo robes of them. It was quite an experience, something new every day transpiring. Arrived in Salt Lake Valley, September 29, 1847. Our teams were worn down; but, it being an open winter and there being plenty of dry feed for our stock, they soon recruited. Bread-

stuff was very scarce; we dug segos and other roots for food. The ground, when irrigated, produced well.

"Our brethren of the Mormon Battalion arrived in Salt Lake Valley with plenty of gold, but they had no flour, which was worth fifty cents a pound, and could not be bought at any price, as it was not to be had.

"We saw some very close times, being so far away from civilization, and having the crickets and grasshoppers to fight, to prevent their eating up the little we expected to live on; and there was an influx of gold diggers, who came from the East, on their way to the gold fields of California. We still had hope, and put our trust in God, as we had left all behind us for the gospel's sake. We felt thankful for our deliverance, being free from persecutions and mobs. Away from our enemies, surrounded by the strength of the everlasting hills, we commenced hauling wood from the canyons, and making improvements and cultivating the soil.

"In the fall of 1849, I was called by President Young, with the first company of missionaries that left the Rocky Mountains, to go back to the Missouri River and bring a company of Saints to the Salt Lake Valley. I left October 19, and took with me about \$5000 in gold dust—the first gold deposited in the Philadelphia mints from California. When ready to return, I found it very difficult in getting a fit-out. Oxen, wagons, and horses had been bought up, on account of the gold excitement in California. I finally got fitted out, having wild oxen and green teamsters to contend with. On the fourth of July, 1850, we were ready to make a start for the west.

"I had a few good men with me who took an interest, and their labors I shall ever remember. While on our journey the Indians became somewhat hostile, they feeling that their rights were infringed upon, seeing so many traveling over the country. Unexpectedly, about five hundred young Indian warriors came upon us. We were in camp, and made ourselves ready for defense. The young braves were very anxious to fight, but their chiefs wanted to counsel with us. It was almost impossible to hold them back, while we stood ready with our guns at a moment's notice, and the chiefs and braves were ready on their horses. A half-breed, who came along with us as a teamster, and was standing

by my side, raised his gun as if to kill one of the chiefs. As soon as the Indian chief saw his gun raised, he dropped on the opposite side of his horse, as if to escape death. As soon as this happened one of my men raised his gun and pointed it at the half-breed and said, 'You will be the first one to die.' As soon as the young braves witnessed this, they changed their minds, and, with their chiefs, we smoked the pipe of peace, gave them flour, sugar and provisions; and they left us, feeling satisfied. This was a very close call, as they had come upon us with the full determination to fight. We had no further trouble with the Indians, and arrived in Salt Lake Valley on the tenth day of October, 1850.

"My accounts were audited; cattle and outfit were some \$700 better than when we started; our stock were in good shape. President Young was well pleased, and remarked, 'This is the way we will continue to bring our poor brethren to the Rocky Mountains.'

"February 14, 1849, I was appointed bishop of the Thirteenth ward of Salt Lake City. April 7, 1851, was appointed successor to Newel K. Whitney as Presiding Bishop; was set apart by Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards, the latter being mouth. At the same conference, April 6, 1851, I was appointed assistant Trustee-in-trust of the Church. I assisted in laying the north-west cornerstone of the Salt Lake Temple, April 6, 1853. I presided over the first bishop's meeting ever held in Salt Lake City, of which there is any record. It was in the Council House, June 24, 1851."

The last bishop's meeting which Bishop Hunter attended was in the Social Hall, Thursday evening, September 13, 1883. He held the office of Presiding Bishop for over thirty-one years. He died in Salt Lake City, October 16, 1883, beloved by all the Saints.*

*A character sketch of Bishop Hunter, by Elder John Nicholson, will appear in volume six of the IMPROVEMENT ERA, and also a collection of some of his noteworthy sayings.

JESUS CHRIST: THE REVELATION OF GOD.*

BY B. H. ROBERTS.

III.

THE CHARACTER GOD REVEALED IN THE LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST.

Having proved from the scriptures that Jesus Christ is God, and the revelation of God to man, I come to another branch of my subject. I now wish to show you that Jesus Christ manifested God also in his life ; and although I have been addressing you for some time, I am quite sure you yourselves would not be entirely satisfied with the treatise upon this subject, unless I pointed out how God would act under the variety of circumstances in which it is our privilege to behold him acting.

First of all, I call your attention to the deep, the profound humility of God ; his great condescension in living among men, as he did, for our instruction; and from that circumstance would draw to your attention the lesson of humility his life teaches. The heights of glory to which Jesus had attained, the power and dignity of his position in the heavenly kingdom, of course, cannot be comprehended by us in our present finite condition, and with our limited knowledge of things. Great and exalted as we might think him to be, you may depend upon it he was exalted infinitely higher than that. Then when you think of one living and moving in the courts of heaven and mingling in the councils of the Gods,

*A discourse delivered in the Tabernacle, Ogden, Utah, Tuesday evening, April 22, 1902, under the auspices of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association of the Weber Stake of Zion.

consenting to come down to this earth and pass through the conditions that he passed through, do you not marvel at his humility? To be born under such circumstances as would enable wicked men to cast reflection upon his very birth!*. To be born, too, in a stable, and to be cradled in a manger! To grow up a peasant, with a peasant's labor to perform, and a peasant's fare to subsist upon from childhood to manhood—do you not marvel at this great humility, at this great condescension of God? And by his humility, are not men taught humility, as they are taught it by no other circumstance whatsoever!

Of his youth, we know but little; but the little we know reveals a shining quality, either for God or man to possess. You must remember, in all our consideration of the life of Messiah, one truth, which comes to us from the scriptures in an incidental way, viz., that "In his humiliation his judgment was taken from him."† As the veil is drawn over our minds when our pre-existent spirits come into this world, and we forget the Father and Mother of the spirit world, and the positions we occupied there, so, too, with Jesus; in his humiliation his judgment was taken from him; he knew not at first whence he came, nor the dignity of his station in heaven. It was only by degrees that he felt the Spirit working within him and gradually unfolding the sublime idea that he was peculiarly and pre-eminently the Son of God in very deed. When at Jerusalem, about twelve years of age, he began to be conscious of the suggestions of the Spirit within him, and hence let the caravan with which he had come from distant Galilee to Judea return without him, much to the perplexity and sorrow of his parents. They, missing him, returned and found him in the temple disputing with the doctors and lawyers. They reprimanded him, as they would reprimand any boy guilty of similar conduct; but when they reproved him, he answered, "Wist ye not that I must be about my father's business." He began to understand his mission. The spirit promptings were at work in his soul. And while ultimately the spirit was given without measure unto him,‡ it was

*St. John viii: 41.

† Acts viii: 33.

‡ St. John iii: 34.

not so at first, for "He received not of the fullness at the first, but received grace for grace."* The child Jesus "grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him. . . . And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."† But notwithstanding Jesus, at twelve years of age, and earlier, began to experience the operations of the Spirit calling his soul to his mission, still we are told that he returned with his parents to Galilee, "and was subject unto them." He who had given the law, "Honor thy father and thy mother," in this act exemplified the honor that he entertained for that law, in his practice of it.

We next see him coming to the banks of Jordan, where a prophet of God is baptizing—one of those strange, eccentric men, who lived for the most part in the wilderness, whose food was locusts and wild honey, and whose clothing was the skins of wild animals; and yet through all this eccentricity, through all this oddness of character, shone the divine powers of God in this messenger, and multitudes of people gathered to his preaching by the Jordan, where he baptized them for the remission of their sins. By and by, Jesus comes and demands baptism at this man's hands; and as he enters the water, the prophet stays him, and says, "I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?" Already, doubtless, shining through this "expression of God,"—this Jesus of Nazareth,—the servant of the Lord, in attune, through the spirit of inspiration, with the very God who was approaching him, felt the divinity of his presence, and would fain acknowledge his own inferiority. What was the reply? "Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." He who had said that men must be baptized for the remission of sins, though himself sinless, would honor that law by obedience unto it. Thus we learn that God can not only give law, but he can obey law. Indeed, only those who know how to obey law are qualified to make it.

Next we shall see how God, in the person of Jesus Christ, manages himself under temptation. After his baptism, he was

* Doc. and Cov., Sec. xciii: 12, 13.

† Luke ii: 40, 52.

driven of the spirit into the wilderness, where he fasted forty days and forty nights. There under the quiet stars, and in the desert, he was consecrating his life to the service of God the Father, and gathering to himself those spiritual forces, and calling up those divine powers, that should carry him through the three years of storm and tempest that must be his in the fulfilment of his mission. When he had reached his greatest point of weakness, when "an hungered," and fainting from his long fast, whom do you suppose came into his presence to tempt him? No other than his arch-enemy; the one with whom he contended in the councils of God before the foundations of this earth were laid, when the great plan of life and salvation was being discussed—Lucifer, in the full pride of his strength and glory came tempting him. I say Lucifer came in the fullness of his strength and glory; for I take it that at this time he had well-nigh reached the pinnacle of his power. We have seen that he had blinded all the races of men respecting God. Truly, he held the nations of the world and their glory within his own hands; and the knowledge of the true God was not had among men. Proudly, therefore, he steps to the side of the weakened God, to propound certain questions to him. In substance, he said, "You have had whisperings of the Spirit that you are Deity, that you are the Son of God. If so, exercise your creative power, turn these stones into bread, and satisfy your hunger. Come, since you are a God, you must needs have creative powers; try it upon these stones and hunger no more." God, in the presence of his arch-enemy, still retained his humility, and said, "It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone."

After that, Lucifer takes the Christ to the pinnacle of the temple, and tries him upon another side—a side upon which good men are particularly vulnerable, the side of their vanity, that prompts them to believe they are the special favorites of heaven, and that God had given his angels charge concerning them. Christ's tempter said, "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, he shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Again the Son of God answers in humility, "It is written also, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Because God has given you certain promises, you

apostles, and prophets, and men of God; because you, by your righteousness, perchance have made yourselves of the elect, it is not becoming that you should be putting God constantly upon trial. "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Walk your pathway in the light of common sense, and be not puffed up with vanity because there is something special in your relationship with God.

Lucifer next approaches Jesus upon the side most vulnerable of all, in quick and mighty spirits—on the side of ambition. I take it that there have been but few strong men who have not felt the desire to rule, to govern; and not always selfishly either, or for personal ends, but sometimes out of an honest thought that they can do somewhat of good for humanity. Even good men may love power, and may aspire to the righteous exercise of it. It was upon this side that Lucifer sought to break in upon the virtue of Jesus. He unveils the kingdoms of the world, which he holds in his thralldom; he reveals their glory, and the might and majesty to which men may attain, if only they can grasp the sceptre of some great empire. Now, says he, "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." He who has answered in tones so humble up to this point, and has endured the taunts and questionings of his great enemy with becoming modesty and humility, now, evidently, feels stirring within him some of those master powers that may shake the world and send the stars out of their courses, "Get thee hence, Satan," said he, "for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." The Spirit of the Son of God was aroused, and it was time for Lucifer's departure, and so he left Jesus, and angels came and ministered unto him. So God deports himself under trial and temptation. How splendid the lesson for man!

Jesus was possessed of infinite compassion. The incidents that I shall relate to you, in support of this statement, are in quotations that are free, and yet, I think, justified by the spirit of the occasion. After all, it is the spirit that giveth life; the letter killeth; so let us look at these things in the spirit of them. You see him one day with some of his disciples approaching the little village of Nain, "His raiment dusty and his sandals worn." As they draw near, the gate is opened and a funeral procession

marches out. The mother of the young man whose body is being borne by his neighbors to the final resting place, walks feebly and weeping beside the bier, desolate in her loneliness. As Jesus saw that poor woman, in the midst of her sorrow, his heart—I pray you think of it, for we are speaking of God when we speak of Jesus Christ, the Creator of heaven and earth—the heart of God, is moved with compassion towards this woman. He stops the bier, takes the dead by the hand, and says, “Young man, I say unto thee, Arise.” And he arose. Jesus Christ gave this woman back her son. It was an act of beautiful compassion, one of many, which illustrates how tender and sympathetic is the heart of our God!

Nor was his ministry confined exclusively to the poor, to the widows, to the lonely. He despised not rulers, nor the rich; because they were such; but was willing, if only they could put themselves in a position to receive the manifestations of his compassion—he was willing to minister unto them. This is proved in the case of Jairus, one of the rulers of the Jews, and a man of great wealth. You will remember that he came running to the Master with his sorrow—his daughter was lying dangerously ill at home; and such was his faith that if the Master would but speak the word, she would be healed. While he yet spake, one of his servants came running, saying, “Thy daughter is dead: trouble not the Master.” But Jesus heeded not the word of the servant. He had heard Jairus’ cry of faith, and, responsive to that faith-cry, he made his way to the home of the ruler, put out those who might be unbelieving, and, taking the maid by the hand, gave her back to the gladness of life, into the arms of the joyous father. The faith of that rich man was as great as the faith of any we meet with in all the ministry of the Lord. So, wealth is not a hindrance to faith. God is as close to the rich as to the poor, and as ready to grant them his mercy, according to their faith; and I sometimes think we make a mistake when we would flout those who are rich, and put them outside the pale of God’s mercy and goodness because they are rich.

While on the way to the ruler’s house, another incident happened that is very remarkable. A woman in the throng, a long time afflicted with a grievous ailment, said in her heart as she saw

him pass, "If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole." Accordingly, she crowded her way forward, dropped upon her knee, clutched the garment, and received the divine power from him which cleansed her body and healed her completely. Jesus, observing that something had happened to him, turned to the apostles and said, "Who touched me?" They replied, "Master, the multitude throng thee and press thee, and sayest thou, Who touched me?" as if that was not to be expected in such a crowd. Ah! said Jesus, but "I perceive that virtue is gone out of me." What was it? Simply that through this poor woman's faith—who supposed herself so far removed from God that she dare not come into his presence and ask for the blessing she desired, but undertook to obtain it by indirect means—through her faith and touching the garment of the Lord, the healing virtues passed from God to her in such a tangible manner that he felt their departure, just as some of you elders, when administering to one who was full of faith, have felt your spiritual strength and life go out from you, leaving you weak and almost helpless, but giving healthful life to the afflicted. I speak to men who have experience in these things, and I know that scores of you could bear witness to the truth of this phenomenon. If our lives can but touch the life of God, such is his nature that we shall partake of the virtues that go out from him.

What shall I say of lepers who crowded upon his presence, and who, notwithstanding the loathsomeness of that disease, found sympathy and help from contact with him. What of the blind, the lame, the halt? Why, let us not speak of them; for though it is a great thing that their bodies should be healed, and they should go through the community singing the praises of him who had restored them, there are better things to speak of—the healing of men's souls, the purifying of their spirits.

Let us ask rather, how did Jesus Christ deal with sinners? I take one incident that has always appealed very strongly to me, and it illustrates the spirit in which Christ deals with sinners; for this God of ours is peculiarly the friend of sinners. The over-righteous Pharisees of Christ's time would not for the world come in contact with sinful men, lest they themselves should be polluted. They gathered the robes of their sanctity about them, and con-

sidered themselves in such close relation with God that they could afford to despise his poor, unfortunate, sinful children, instead of holding out the hand that would bring them from the kingdom of darkness into the brightness and glory of the kingdom of God. But not so with Jesus Christ. When he was accused by this class of men of mingling with publicans and sinners, his answer to them was, "They that are whole need not a physician ; but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." As if he had said, you who are righteous and have no need of healing for sin, stand by yourselves ; my mission is not to you, but to those who have need of God's help. Such was the spirit of his answer. The incident to which I refer as illustrative of his compassion for sinners, is this: The Jews were always on the alert to entrap the Messiah's feet and bring him into contradiction with the law of Moses. The law of Moses, as first given to Israel, was that if any should be found in adultery they should be stoned to death; but the Rabbis, by nice discriminations of words, practically had rendered that law a dead letter, by reason of which the adulterers in Israel escaped the punishment that God had decreed against them. Therefore, they thought if they could take a person who unquestionably had been guilty of this crime and bring him or her into the presence of Jesus, they would either bring him in conflict with the law of Moses, or with the tradition of the elders, and in either case would have sufficient cause to denounce him before the people. So they found a woman, caught in the act; they dragged her through the streets, and cast her at his feet. "Master," said they, "this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act. Now Moses in the law commanded us, that such should be stoned : but what sayest thou ?" He replied, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." One by one they slunk away, until the woman was left alone with Jesus. When Jesus looked around, and saw none but the woman, he said to her, "Woman, where are thine accusers ? hath no man condemned thee ?" "No man, Lord," she said. Then Jesus said : "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more." That is how God deals with sinners. It is written that God cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance, and that is true, he cannot; but how about the sinner ? Why, he may look upon the sinner with

infinite compassion. While the sin must always be hateful, yet will he help and love the sinner, if he will but go his way and sin no more. Such is our human weakness, and so nearly the level upon which we all move, that there is none of us but will plead mightily for mercy; and, thank God, we shall not plead in vain; for, while our judge cannot look upon sin with any degree of allowance, his heart goes out in compassion and love to men, and he will help them to overcome sin, to fight a good fight, to keep the faith, and at the last enable them to win the crown in the kingdom of our God.

Jesus, moreover, was tolerant. You will recall the circumstance of his having to go through Samaria, and you remember that the Samaritans hated the Jews, and Jesus was a Jew. Some of his disciples went into a village of Samaria, through which Jesus would have to pass, and sought to make arrangements for the Master to stay over night; but the Samaritans closed their doors against him. They had heard of him; he was a Jew; and in the narrowness of their minds they would not admit the hated Jew into their homes. This very much angered the disciple John, who loved Jesus dearly. He was one of the "sons of thunder," and possessed of a spirit that could love; and being strong in love, as is often the case—I was going to say as is always the case—he was likewise strong in hating. He was the type of man that does both heartily. Hence, he went to the Master and asked him if he might not call down fire from heaven upon those Samaritans for thus rejecting the Master. Jesus replied: "Ye know not what spirit you are of. The Son of Man came to save, not to destroy." A broadness, a liberality truly glorious.

On another occasion some of the disciples found one casting out devils in the name of Jesus, and they forbade him, because he followed not the Master. When they came into the presence of Jesus, they reported this case and told what they had done. Jesus said, "Forbid him not: for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me." Then he gave us the other half of that truth, "He that is not for me is against me," by saying, "For he that is not against us is for us." Thus he corrected the narrow-mindedness of his own apostles. But notwithstanding all his mercy, his tolerance, his patience and gen-

tleness, there were times when he who was so infinitely merciful could also be infinitely just; he who was so infinitely compassionate could be infinitely severe. I give you an instance of it. He had struggled long and hard with those hypocrites, the Pharisees, and finally the voice of justice and reproof, as it is to be found in God, speaks forth through Jesus Christ, and this is what he said:

“Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows’ houses, and for a pretense make long prayer: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation.”

That is not so gentle, is it? Listen again:

“Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves. Woe unto you, ye blind guides, which say, Whosoever shall swear by the temple, it is nothing; but whosoever shall swear by the gold of the temple, he is a debtor! Ye fools and blind: for whether is greater, the gold, or the temple that sanctifieth the gold? And, Whosoever shall swear by the altar, it is nothing; but whosoever sweareth by the gift that is upon it, he is guilty. Ye fools and blind: for whether is greater, the gift, or the altar that sanctifieth the gift? . . . Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess. Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men’s bones, and of all uncleanness. Even so ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, and say, If we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets. Wherefore ye be witnesses unto yourselves, that ye are the children of them which killed the prophets. Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers. Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?”

And this from that gentle, compassionate man! The voice of

God in its severity speaks through these tones, and bids us understand that it must be a terrible thing to fall under the displeasure of God. Think of the infinite difference between that sweet compassion which he has for the penitent sinner, and this severe but just arraignment of those who persist in their sins! A warning to all men to beware of the justice of God, when once it shall be aroused!

My friends, this Jesus Christ is God manifested in the flesh, proved to be so from the scripture; the character of God is revealed in the wonderful life that Jesus, the Son of God, lived on earth; in it we see God in action; and from it we see the gentleness, the compassion, and also the justice and severity of God. Jesus Christ is God; and he is also man; but I take no stock in those sectarian refinements which try to tell us about the humanity of Jesus being separate from the divinity of Jesus. He himself made no such distinctions. He was divine, spirit and body, and spirit and body was exalted to the throne of his Father, and sits there now with all the powers of the Godhead residing in him bodily, an immortal, glorified, exalted man! The express image and likeness of God the Father; for as the Son is, so is the Father. Yet when we announce to the world that we believe God to be an exalted man, we are told that we are blasphemers. But as long as the throne of Jesus Christ stands sure, so long as his immortal body of flesh and bones, glorified and everlasting, shall keep his place by the side of the Father, so long will the doctrine that God is an exalted man hold its place against the idle sophistries of the learned world. The doctrine is true. It cannot be unthroned. A truth is a solemn thing. Not the mockery of ages, not the lampooning of the schoolmen, not the derision of the multitude, not the blasphemy of the world, can affect it; it will always remain true. And this doctrine, announced by Joseph Smith to the world, that God is an exalted man, that Jesus Christ is the revelation of God to the world, and that he is just like his Father, and that those who are his brethren may become as he is, when they have walked in his footsteps—that is a doctrine that will stand sure and fast as the throne of God itself. For Jesus Christ was manifested in the flesh. He was the revelation of God to the world. He was and is an exalted man. He is God.

THE PLAY "CORIANTON."

BY S. A. KENNER.

The prehistoric civilization of the American continents is a subject of profound interest, and no little research. Now and then a fragment, detached and disconnected, but still disclosing some little scrap of information, rewards the diligence of the archaeologist, but is by no means satisfactory to him or to others. It gives no suggestion of its authorship, its meaning or its purpose; no key to its mystical tracings is provided; its words, if words they be, are in an unknown language, one that died long, long ago; and if any links designed to connect it with modern tongues were left for the use of those to follow, the links themselves have been effaced. This being the case, all discoveries would seem to mean but the addition of mystery to mystery, to enlarge, as it were, the field of speculation, instead of narrowing it to the limits of present day comprehension. However, the knowledge that those people lived, had forms of government, and were reasonably if not extensively enlightened, receives additional strength with each additional development; and the scientific world, baffled in its efforts to penetrate the cloud of mystery enveloping the subject, has plodded along with what it could pick up, nourishing its flagging hopes with the hope that sooner or later "something would turn up" by or through which more satisfactory conclusions could be had. In this attitude of enforced listlessness, it will be observed, while solutions or even clues were and are eagerly sought, nothing but science need apply; all agencies but those which appeal to and are understood by the physical senses have been, and in some reduced measure are yet, strictly excluded.

While the learned men were guessing and expounding, keeping their wagon hitched to the materialistic star, and eschewing inspiration as well as superhuman agencies of whatever character, there arose, at the beginning of the second quarter of the last century, a youth "to fortune and to fame unknown," who, though not ignorant, was by no means educated. His name was Joseph Smith, and he resided in New York, near the town of Palmyra. He proclaimed a new dispensation of Providence to the people of the world, and, aided by agencies which even the skeptical may understand were not mortal, he found buried on a hillside some golden plates inscribed with hieroglyphics which were to him wholly incomprehensible. But he became invested with a new and comprehensive faculty of divination, so much so that the complete translation of the legends on the plates was only a matter of manual exertion, and with its publication the missing link between the extinct races and the living ones of our continents was found. The boy's work was at first received with contemptuous incredulity, then with cautious questioning, and, finally, with general disbelief; while he himself was first laughed at, then scorned, then mobbed, then plundered, then driven, and finally murdered. But his work remained, and its influence spread. Little by little, the barriers of incredulity were battered down with reason, justice and investigation entering to remain. As one unfolding after another, demonstrating the correctness of the book's predictions, came to pass, it became plainer and plainer, to those who were willing to hear and determine impartially, that its historical features must also be founded upon fact, the more so in that at no point and in no place has it conflicted with, but rather corroborated and explained, the developments of archaeology. And here do we find the foundation, the inspiration, the essence of the play "Corianton."

To some it may seem a peculiar if not incongruous thing that the Book of Mormon should be made the source from which the materials for a dramatic production came. Yet why? History is and has been a most fruitful field for the dramatist, and many of the plays which have fiction for the warp of the fabric employ historical events for the woof. That it is a novel manner in which to bring forth characters and incidents long since passed

into the mists of obscurity, and whose discovery was finally made possible and permitted for religious rather than secular purposes, is of course; yet should it be remembered that there are different ways of accomplishing great purposes; that whenever it is necessary that information relating to man's past and present status on the earth be made general, and placed within the reach of all, the processes of distribution may involve means of which we previously were not aware, and cannot all at once comprehend. "God moves in a mysterious way." The Sphinx still raises its ungainly head above the shifting sands of the ages which have buried it to the shoulders, and pokes its battered nose into the twentieth century with as much "frozen effrontery" as when the Egyptians gave it the last blow of the chisel, and then stood away to marvel at and admire the labor of their hands. It also bears a message from the ages of the hidden past, but what it is no man knoweth, and itself gives forth no sign or sound; neither did the stately ruins, the imposing piles, the carved walls, the massive columns nor the mummified remains of the Aztecs, or whatever else the ancient Americans may be called, send along any message to succeeding ages that could be understood, until the man, the times, and the means, arrived. And then the message was published that all might understand it; and, from a segment thereof, was taken the principal incidents which form the basic principle of the play "Corianton." Those who are disposed to cavil at this, or to maintain incredulity regarding the divine authenticity of the book itself, should consider the case in all its bearings. They would then see a free and rational people suffering all manner of violent treatment, and, finally, expulsion from their homes because of their firm and unyielding faith in the tenets laid down in, and history unfolded by, the book; furthermore, sustained by the same faith and the hope of what it will bring as a reward, the bridging of the vast desert expanse which yawned between the Missouri, and the bringing together of the selvages of Eastern and Western civilization fifty years earlier than it would have been accomplished but for the pioneering work of those people, in the very midst of the otherwise unsettled, dreary waste. Such faith, accompanied by such works, tell us more plainly than words can do it that more than a belief—a knowledge—of the sanctity and truthful-

ness of the message, from a people who long antedated the advent of the Redeemer, inspired, upheld and directed the settlers of Utah, bringing first rude dwellings, then comfortable and finally elegant ones, constituting cities, towns and villages, in nearly all of which there is a temple of the drama, and in two of which has been produced the play which portrays some portions of the sacred writings constituting the corner stone of their religion.

That the book is not followed strictly; that some things in the sections used have been omitted, and other things which it does not contain are inserted; that the plot as a whole may be somewhat of a departure from the series of events to which the play relates; that characters in the book do not figure in the drama, and *vice versa*—all these are of course. Exactness to history in making up dramatic representations is quite out of the question; it is not even thought of. Much as we owe to and respect recorded events of great moment, in the affairs of peoples, and, notwithstanding our proneness to select some of them now and then to weave a story, a poem or a play, we cannot "tell it all," because we also owe something to conventionality, and must keep in view the accepted methods which control in such cases—using only such features as are of general interest, and enlarging or diminishing so much as may be necessary without losing or even obscuring the central idea. So it is with "Corianton." In the play we have with reasonable fidelity the chief circumstances to which it relates, as narrated in the Book of Mormon—the righteous father Alma, the wayward and the upright son, the former's yielding to temptation through vicious associations, the terrible punishment of the scoffer and blasphemer, the wicked rule of the Zoramite, the justice and uprightness of the secular judge, the cunning, scheming and vile conspiracies of the enemies of the godly—these are all limned with as much accuracy as is possible in a dramatic representation. But those who regard it as in any sense a proselyting medium are astray in their reckoning; but it may be the means of arousing curiosity, this leading to interest in, and consequent investigation of, the subject to which it relates, and thus be the means of accomplishing other good than merely affording an evening's entertainment. Certainly we can all indulge in the hope that it will be so.

SOME LEADING EVENTS IN THE CURRENT STORY OF THE WORLD.

BY DR. J. M. TANNER, SUPERINTENDENT OF CHURCH SCHOOLS.

Aguinaldo's Proposed Visit to America.

Report has it that Aguinaldo, the celebrated Filipino leader, is about to visit the United States. Under the amnesty proclamation of President Roosevelt, issued July 4, last, Aguinaldo received his full liberty, and may now enjoy all the privileges of travel about his new country that his heart desires. It seems a very natural thing that he should desire to come to this country. He has evidently read much about the United States, and then he would like to know something of this strange, far-distant land. He may think he has many sympathizers here who would be glad to see him, and extend a friendly hand of greeting. At any rate, it is reasonably sure that a visit now to this country would be a very remunerative undertaking. Curiosity, if not sympathy, would secure large audiences; and the people would like to know something, from his own words, of the man that has given them so much trouble in the Philippines.

It is interesting to observe the different opinions and estimations that exist respecting the character and ability of Aguinaldo. They are governed somewhat, of course, by the division, in this country, of public sentiment on questions of what should be done with the Philippines. Still, there are various estimates of the man, both here and in Europe, which are the results of conflicting information that comes to us about him. In the first place, his birth cannot be fixed with anything like certainty, and there is even a dispute as to whether he is the son of a Spanish general or of a dissolute but learned Jesuit priest. He received a good education for a boy of his birth and nationality. He is first known as a house boy. Fortunately, his master was kind, and gave him opportunities to learn and get on in the world. It is said that he was an apt

boy, and possessed the precociousness of a Malay, the ambitions of a Caucasian, and the memory of a Chinaman. He appears to have drifted about China and his own native island, and to have served as a Chinese soldier and sailor. He read with preference the history of military heroes of both Europe and the United States. When his people revolted against the tyranny of over-taxation, he distinguished himself as a leader of his class, and was at the head of the insurrection of 1896. He and his followers were bought off by money, and by promises of reform in the Spanish government of the islands. The money was never fully paid, and the promises were never kept. Hong Kong had been made a place of refuge by him, as well as of others who continued to plot against the government of Manila. During the time of these plots, the war broke out between Spain and the United States, and he at once returned to his country, where he became the recognized leader of his people, and a troublesome factor to the United States. That he possessed something of a Napoleonic magnetism over his countrymen, there can be no doubt. Considering the elements at his command, he made perhaps as successful a resistance as could be expected.

If he comes, we shall all try to get a glimpse of him, if for no other reason than over-curiosity to see him. It is said that he has picked up a smattering of Latin, French, English and Chinese, and it is even claimed that he writes and speaks admirable French and Spanish. It may be, too, a great object lesson to Aguinaldo, and after seeing what a great people we are, and what a wonderful country we possess, he may return to his countrymen and enlighten them also. He might even make a good campaign document, if he should appear upon the scene at the right moment. The romantic circumstances of his capture are so recent as to be familiar to all.

There is something of mysterious weaving about the life and character of Aguinaldo, so that he is sure to be an historic personage of the future. For the reason, too, that he is sure to be mentioned in all our future school histories of the United States, we shall want our children to get a view of him.

The Friars in the Philippines.

Governor Taft's recent visit to Rome to enlist the aid of the Pope in securing the removal of the Friars from the Philippines, has led to unusual interest in the religious orders that are known in the Islands by the collective name of Friars. Who these Friars are, and why they should be compelled to leave the Islands, are matters of general interest. In the Catholic church, there are organizations, usually called orders,

for the purpose of effecting some special mission in the interest of the Church. The Catholic priests in the Philippines have usually belonged to one of three orders, the Dominicans, the Augustinians, and the Franciscans. The Franciscans are not permitted by their rules to own property, but the other two orders that are generally designated as friars owned, at the time the Americans took possession, more than four hundred and three thousand acres of land in the single province of Luzon, and one hundred thousand acres in two other provinces, making a total of more than one half million acres held by these organizations. They have, therefore, become a body of landowners, and, since 1880, they have been exempt from all taxes on these lands, which they rent out in small parcels to the Filipinos. They also possess enormous wealth, by which they were able to have the government affairs regulated largely according to their wishes, so that they have also come into possession of great political power. In the town, the friar was about the only man that could speak Spanish. He was a sort of a judge, jury, landowner, and village counselor, and carried on affairs very much to his own liking; and, frequently, exercised the most arbitrary and oppressive authority. When the Filipinos, therefore, rebelled against Spain, to them the Friars and Spain were synonymous terms. As a result of the oppressions practiced by these religious orders, the Filipinos have come to thoroughly despise and hate them. There was little or no check upon the exercise of authority by these Friars, because they were exempt from civil procedure. Filipinos are themselves Catholics, but they look upon the Friars rather as emissaries of Spain than as religious brethren. In 1898, there were in the Islands more than six million Roman Catholics. The Moros are Moslems, and the wild tribes are pagans, in religion. The Filipinos want these great landed properties divided into small holdings, that they may each own his little farm. It is now proposed by the United States that these large holdings be purchased, and sold to the Filipinos on easy terms, both as to terms and the time of payment. It is also felt that before peace, or any satisfaction whatever, can come to the Filipinos, the Friars must go; and the aid of the Pope has been sought for their removal. But the Friars are citizens of Spain, and, by the terms of our treaty of Paris, they are entitled to all the rights and privileges of other inhabitants of the Islands. It is a perplexing question, but it is believed that the Friars themselves will not insist on remaining in the presence of so great an opposition to them.

Adjusting History by Statute.

A state legislature has recently passed a bill preventing the use of

any United States school history which does not give to Admiral Schley the credit for the victory at Santiago. That historical question ought now to be considered authoritatively passed upon. What partisan folly! what next! How can a legislature thus hope to determine by any enactment a troublesome question of history? But why stop there? Why not have the legislature settle disputed questions of science and agriculture, and determine whether potatoes planted in the dark of the moon grow best? There is one trifling difficulty, in thus disposing of open controversies in history or in science. States may not all take the same view, and if the law-making body of Illinois puts Schley in command of the fleet, while an Iowa legislature decides in favor of Sampson, there will be a distinct conflict in the history made by the different states. Of course, an amendment to the Constitution could be passed, and such troublesome questions of historical disputation be adjusted for all time to come, so far as this country is concerned. What a world of perplexity some legislatures might rescue us from, if they only would!

TOM TIT.

Thou pretty warbler, why so shy,
Art thou afraid of such as I?
Sing on, sweet bird, thy notes are sweet,
I love to see such joy complete.

As fills that little soul of thine,
So tune thy throat with love divine.
If I, sweet bird, could sing like thee,
I'd praise the Lord on earth and sea.

I'd stand upon the highest trees,
And send my notes along the breeze,
To all the creatures on the earth,
And bid them send such praises forth.

Sing on, my soul with rapture bounds;
Tom Tit! I love to hear such sounds
As thou hast warbled forth to me,
Thou emblem of sweet minstrelsy.

—MATHONIAH THOMAS.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PLURAL WIVES OF JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

A subscriber in Oregon writes: "I have it in the 'Succession in the Presidency' that the Prophet Joseph Smith had plural wives. A Josephite preacher proselyting here says that the prophet never had plural wives, and that Brigham Young was the author of the revelation on plural marriage; and the founder of polygamy. In view of this, will you kindly name the plural wives of the Prophet Joseph Smith?"

Taking into account the interest in this subject, awakened by a recent article in the *Arena*, by Joseph Smith, president of the Re-organized church, and the replies thereto touching the origin of polygamy in America, an answer to the question, is timely and appropriate, although it can be given here only in brief.

I can positively state, on indisputable evidence, that Joseph Smith was the author, under God, of the revelation on plural marriage. On this subject, we have the affidavit of William Clayton, private secretary of Joseph Smith, that he wrote the revelation as it was given through the lips of the Prophet, and that he himself sealed to Joseph Smith as a plural wife, Lucy Walker, at Joseph Smith's own residence, on May 1, 1843. This lady is still living, in Salt Lake City, and is willing to testify at any moment to this fact. Following are some of the names of young ladies who were sealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith in Nauvoo, as testified to under oath by themselves—this during the lifetime of the prophet: Eliza R. Snow, Emily D. Partridge, Eliza M. Partridge, Melissa Lot, Lucy Walker, Sarah Ann Whitney, Helen Mar Kimball, Fanny Young

(sister to Brigham Young), and Rhoda Richards (sister to Willard Richards who was with the Prophet at his martyrdom in Carthage jail). All these noble women have testified, under oath, giving names and dates, that they were sealed, during his lifetime, to the Prophet Joseph Smith. These facts have been published in *Jenson's Historical Record*, and in the *Deseret News*, in years past; and I know, by the established and virtuous character of these noble women, that their testimonies are true.

A careful reading of the revelation on plural marriage should convince any honest man that it was never written by Brigham Young, as it contains references to Joseph Smith himself, and his family, which would be utterly nonsensical and useless if written by President Young. The fact is, we have the affidavit of Joseph C. Kingsbury, certifying that he copied the original manuscript of the revelation within three days after the date on which it was written. I knew Joseph C. Kingsbury well. Furthermore, the revelation was read by Hyrum Smith to a majority of the members of the High Council, in Nauvoo, at about the time it was given, to which fact we have the sworn statements of the members of the High Council. As inquiries on this subject are becoming very frequent, the publication of these affidavits and facts in pamphlet form or in the ERA may be considered.

Joseph F. Smith.

CLOSE OF VOLUME FIVE.

The General Board has great pride and ample cause for thanks to the Lord in the fact that the fifth volume of the ERA, which closes with this number, has been the most extensively circulated, and hence the most successful financially of any yet issued. We believe, too, that the IMPROVEMENT ERA has been universally read, and more highly appreciated than ever before. Words of commendation come from all parts of Zion and the world testifying to the pleasure and profit our readers have experienced in the perusal of its pages. We have sought to give full value for the subscription price, and so have given our readers not only all the

excellent matter promised in the prospectus, but have secured in addition many valuable and interesting articles. In order to insure the greatest variety, and at the same time give place to the "History of the Prophet Joseph," and "The Castle Builder," two of the leading features of this volume, thirty-two extra pages were added. Thirteen, high-class, page illustrations appeared, and no pains were spared to secure the best writings obtainable.

In all this, the publishers are reminded that they have so far fulfilled the promises heretofore made, that every cent of profit shall be spent in the cause, or go to the improvement and betterment of our magazine.

The General Board as well as all the other readers of the ERA, are greatly indebted to our home writers who have contributed their labors free for our edification and pleasure.

In closing this volume, we do not forget the great help in securing subscribers, rendered by officers of our associations, their labors having always been free. We solicit a continuation of the appreciated work of both writers and officers for volume six; and invite our subscribers to forward immediately a renewal of their subscriptions upon the blanks sent. Prompt action will enable the management to print the required number of magazines to supply all with the complete volume.

Reference is made to the announcement for volume six in this number, with the assurance that every effort will be put forth to make that volume worthy of the continued patronage of all the young men of Zion.

A STORY WANTED.

The ERA will pay \$50 for the best story suitable for publication in this magazine. Conditions: The manuscript must be typewritten; it must be in the hands of the editors by January 1, 1903; it must contain no less than ten thousand words, nor more than twenty-five thousand; it must be signed by a fictitious name, accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the real and fictitious

names with address of the writer; three competent judges hereafter to be named will decide upon its merits; if no story submitted shall be deemed of sufficient merit, the ERA reserves the right to reject all; unaccepted manuscripts will be held subject to the writers' order.

NOTES.

"What has been done can be done again. Many a noble work at first seems impossible."

"Only those who have faced life honestly, and with understanding, can look undismayed into the darker chambers of the soul."

The greatest friend of truth is time; her greatest enemy is prejudice, and her constant companion is humility.—COLTON.

Sin is only misdirected energy, and sometimes I think that bad folks are good people who have expressed themselves wrongly: that's all.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

Let none account the mourning for a lost infant slight or soon forgotten. Sorrow for the departed is not always graduated by the value that the community may have affixed to their lives. The heart has other gold than that which men weigh in a balance. He who marks in the cemetery a mound of a span's length, and, carelessly passing on, says, "It was but a babe," has never been a parent.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

One of those men who are good enough to keep, but not good enough to promote, once remonstrated with Mr. Armour because another clerk had been passed up over his head. "I like you, Will," the packer replied frankly; "you are smart, and you should have the making of a big, strong, broad-gauged merchant in you; but we don't know just where to find you all the time. You may be at your desk on the dot and you may be ten minutes late. We never know. And we are not sure when we tell you to do a thing that it is done. You generally do it, but you are not sure pop."

IN LIGHTER MOOD.

I guess my health is gittin' poor,
Er somep'n er the kin',
Fer every mornin', jist as sure
(Espechully if it's fine),
I git sich offul shootin, pains,
And ma says: "It's jes' cru'l
Ter make 'at poor boy study, with
Sech headaches jes' 'fore school."

Ma thinks my mind is breakin' down
From learnin' of so much.
She puts wet towels on my head,
An' chopped up ice, an' such,
An' tries ter git me off ter bed;
But pa says, he's no fool.
He thinks birch oil's the only stuff
Fer headaches jes' 'for school.

An' teacher, too, don't symp'thize
'Ith boys wot's feelin' bad,
Fer, soon's she sees me mopin in,
She says: "Now, ain't 'at sad
Ter make them suff'rin' children work!
Young man, set on 'at stool
An' do them sums." Huh! she makes fun
Of headaches jes' 'fore school.

'Tis kind'r funny, though, how soon
I'm over bein' sick,
An' me an' Jim, (Jim, he gits cramps),
We sneak off down t' the crick
An' go in swimmin.' Gee! We got
A bully divin' pool
An' spring board. Gosh! you bet they cure
Them headaches jes' 'fore school.

An' fishin' too. We got a raft
An' dandy hooks an' lines;
Ketch bullheads, lots—an' sunfish. Say!
Down underneath them pines
They bite like thunder! Settin' there,
Feet swashin', nice an' cool,
Pain's nothin'! Say, d'you ever git
Them headaches jes' 'fore school?—

Chicago Chronicle.

OUR WORK.

GRADING THE ASSOCIATIONS.

The subject of grading our associations should receive careful attention this season. On this topic, the following remarks by Elder Nephi L. Morris, at our June conference, are of importance:

It is about two or three years since the General Board recommended grading the associations. It is gratifying to see that so many have done it. We appreciate the fact that in some wards, where the attendance is so small, where the young men meet conjointly with the young ladies, or where there are not two rooms, grading might be regarded as being impracticable; but I believe it is the universal opinion of those who have investigated the matter that grading has resulted in great benefit to the associations. We wish to urge again that the brethren give this careful attention, and that those stakes and wards that have not graded, proceed to do so at once, wherever it is practicable. Some associations have gone along in a sort of a rut for a long time, and they need some change to give them new life. You will find an outlet for your pent-up forces in this grading. You must use your judgment in drawing the line between the junior and senior classes. We suggest the age of sixteen, but that is not to be followed technically. Take it in the spirit of the suggestion. Very often you will find boys under sixteen who are very alert mentally, and well posted in Gospel subjects. Some of them may outshine their more elderly brethren, and are qualified to belong to the senior class. Invite the members to join either the senior or junior class, as they may feel inclined, and if some younger member shall wish to join with the older ones, you will find that they will soon withdraw, if the work is too heavy for them, and gravitate to their proper level.

We are preparing a new Manual for the junior class, which we trust will be adapted to the mental conditions of the juniors. It will treat on the Acts of the Apostles. The design is to make it historical rather than dogmatic, and it will consist more of narrative than of principle; hence, can be made more interesting to the younger minds.

One chief objection to keeping the association in one class is that

there is such a variety of minds that it has been almost impossible to adapt the instruction to the different capacities. This is largely obviated by dividing into two classes. Another undesirable thing is large classes. They are too unwieldy. In all high-schools and colleges, you will find that classes are not allowed to exceed a certain number. Small classes are desirable, because the instructor can get closer to the pupil, and can adapt his instruction to each mind. In many associations grading has increased the membership, in some cases, fully one hundred per cent. We earnestly urge this question upon your attention.

USE OF PRELIMINARY PROGRAMS.

The Manual for 1902-3 has outlines for preliminary programs designed to add interest to the general culture feature of our weekly meetings. Presidents of associations should not overlook the importance of this part of the exercises. At our June conference, Elder Willard Done said upon this subject among other things:

The field to be covered by our preliminary programs is a very broad one. A few suggestions as to the way in which this work is to be done. It is expected that these programs shall occupy merely a portion of the time of each meeting; that both the classes, and, wherever possible, the young ladies also, shall meet together and carry out the program, as suggested in last year's Manual and in the Manual for this year. I say, wherever possible, the young ladies should be brought into this work. I have found in my travels some little opposition on the part of the local boards of the young ladies to this kind of thing. Wherever that opposition arises, the best wisdom of the young men's officers must be used. Wherever practicable, it will be found very profitable to introduce this work before the associations separate for their class work. As to the kind of material to be introduced, we shall need to be very careful. There are certain kinds of literary productions which would be decidedly out of place. There are certain kinds of songs that would be decidedly out of place. I may say, broadly, that anything in the direction of burlesque or horse-play would be out of place. There is a kind of humor in literature and music that is refined, and very much akin to pathos. Such humor it may be proper to introduce. Some of the humor of Dickens, of Mark Twain, and other refined humorists, can be introduced into this work; but nothing of a burlesque character. This work is given at the commencement of our exercises and it is expected to lead the mind in the direction of that devotional feeling of which has been spoken. Wisdom should, therefore, dictate the selection of the reading and singing and writing, in these programs.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

BY THOMAS HULL, GENERAL SECRETARY OF Y. M. M. I. A.

LOCAL—*August* 17—Robinson Bros. shoe factory, Salt Lake, burned; loss \$18,000.....Bishop O. F. Whitney pronounced an eloquent eulogy over the body of Judge John Fitch Kinney.....19—The tenth four-day encampment of the Black Hawk Indian war veterans opened at Lehi.....25—Apostle Brigham Young underwent a successful operation at Rexburg, Idaho, for dropsy.....26—Apostle Young reached Salt Lake, in a critical condition of health.27—Catherine C. Young Barstow, born January 10, 1875, died in Salt Lake City. She was the daughter of Apostle Brigham Young and Catharine Spencer.....28—Henrietta Shaw, born in Nephi, December 6, 1852, died in Ogden.....30—The corner stone of the Judge Memorial Miners' Home and Hospital was laid by Bishop M. Scanlan, at Salt Lake City.....Rev. J. I. Albritton preached his farewell sermon in the M. E. church, Salt Lake.

September 1—Labor day was generally observed in Salt Lake and Ogden. There were large labor parades.....“Corianton” was played in Denver and well received.....2—Peter Mortensen, the murderer of James R. Hay, is sentenced by Judge C. B. Morse to be shot on Friday, October 17.....The N. G. of Utah is encamped at Lagoon in 35 tents.....The funeral of Leslie C. Attwood, who died July 24, while on a mission in New Zealand, was held at Vernal, Uintah Co.....3—The Salt Lake telephone linemen strike for higher wages.....5—The National Guard was reviewed by the Governor and his staff.....6—Axel J. Kielland was accidentally shot and killed by Marion A. Brasher, while returning from Saltair, on the last train of the season.....The annual encampment of the N. G. U. ends.....Rev. I. N. Moorhead succeeds Rev. Albritton as pastor of the Salt Lake M. E. church.....7—Senator Kearns returned to Salt Lake from Europe.....Albert White, aged 55,

a well known resident of Sandy, Salt Lake Co., died.....8—Ann Pickering, born in England, January 26, 1827, came to Utah 1855, a pioneer of Payson, died.....The public schools opened; in Salt Lake there was an attendance of 11,800.....10—E. B. Critchlow resigned as a member of the Salt Lake Board of Education... ..The 22nd annual reunion of the Telegraphers opened in Salt Lake.....11—Henrietta Landrum Dotson, wife of W. T. H. Dotson, died in Minersville.....At the Republican State convention, held in Ogden, Hon. Joseph Howell, of Cache Co., was nominated for Congress; Judge W. M. McCarty, of Sevier Co., for supreme judge; and Hon. James H. Anderson was chosen state chairman. Senator A. J. Beveridge, of Indiana, spoke.....12—Mary Todd, born in Scotland, 1827, came to Utah in 1854, mother of Douglas M. Todd, died in Farmington.....Henry H. Harris, aged 74, died in Sugar Ward.....14—At the Salt Lake Stake conference Apostle John Henry Smith tells of his recent visit to Nauvoo, Ill.....16—The Democratic State convention at Provo nominated Hon. W. H. King for Congress, Major Richard W. Young for the supreme bench, and elected Hon. F. J. Cannon chairman of the state committee.....Since last November there have been fifteen people killed in Salt Lake at the hands of people who carried weapons unlawfully. It is an unprecedented carnival of crime.

DOMESTIC.—*August* 18—Edward Sharp, a striker, is killed in a clash between miners and deputies at Nesquehoning, Pa.; troops are asked for.....19—Charles M. Schwab denies that he is seriously ill, and says he will not resign as president of the U. S. Steel Corporation.....20—The naval war game between two parts of the North Atlantic squadron begins off Rockport, Mass.....22—President Roosevelt visits Hartford and speaks on the Philippines and their government.....23—The battleship *Maine* has an official trial and makes 18 knots an hour.....President Roosevelt speaks at Providence on trusts.....24—Governor Taft resumes his official duties in the Philippines; on the 18th, Americans were attacked on Minandoa. General Chaffee urges an aggressive campaign on the island, and is ordered to go ahead. On the 19th the Sultan issued a note of defiance to Americans.....25—Continuing his New England tour, President Roosevelt speaks in Boston.....The Cruiser *Boston* is ordered to Panama.....26—General Miles is ordered to the Philippines on an inspection tour.....27—Twenty Filipinos perish in earthquakes in Minandoa. No Americans were killed.....28—Conflicts occur between troops and rioters

in Panther Creek Valley, Pa.....29—Brig-Gen. Corbin, commanding the National Guard in the anthracite coal fields, issues a "shoot to kill" order, in the hope of restoring tranquility.....The mimic war game between the army and navy begins.....30—President Roosevelt in his tour of New England makes several short speeches, and is everywhere received with enthusiasm.

September 1—Bishop Farley, of New York, succeeds the late Archbishop Corrigan.....Labor day is generally observed with workmen's parades and picnics.....2—In the mimic war on the New England coast, the navy achieves a victory by silencing the forts, in the attack on Long Island Sound entrance.....3—President Roosevelt narrowly escapes death in a collision between his carriage and a trolley car near Pittsfield, Mass.....4—The strike in the bituminous coal fields of West Virginia is declared off.....President Roosevelt leaves Washington for his southern trip.....Commander McRea's report on the disturbances in Haiti shows that the interests of six European nations are under the protection of the United States.....6—The President speaks at Wheeling, West Virginia, on trusts.....The naval and military maneuvers end.....President Roosevelt visits Chickamauga Park and the battlefields around Chattanooga.....8—There are \$573,936,194 in the treasury vaults of the United States, a greater sum of gold than at any previous time in the history of the country. The National bank circulation is also the largest, amounting to \$363,626,206.....11—Great fires are raging in the Beaumont, Texas, oil fields.....Great forest fires, rendering hundreds homeless, are raging in Oregon and Washington.....12—The wife of Senator W. M. Stewart, of Nevada, was killed in an automobile accident in San Francisco.....14—W. S. Stratton, the Colorado multi-millionaire, died at Colorado Springs.....There was a general observance of McKinley memorial day in many parts of the country.....Eleven people perish in forest fires in Oregon, and many are incinerated in fires near Kalama, Wash.; property loss approaches two millions.

FOREIGN.—*August* 19—A British cruiser is sent to protect government interests in Columbia.....Turkey has failed to keep her financial promises to the United States, and strained relations resultThe Boer generals leave London to visit ex-Presidents Kruger and Steyn.....20—Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, invites Generals Botha, De Wet and Delarey to visit her.....The German budget for the year shows a deficit of \$12,125,000.....21—Three thousand Colombian troops are sent to defend the Isthmus of Panama

.....*Cedric*, the largest passenger liner afloat, is launched in Belfast for the White Star line23—The Chinese government issues an edict for the punishment of the assassins of two missionaries.25—Serious fighting is reported from Venezuela..... The Transvaal legation in Europe is abolished.....26—Victor Emmanuel of Italy goes on a visit to the Kaiser.....28—Cholera spreads in Japan, Java and China.....The King of Italy enters Berlin in state.....M. Guide, papal auditor, is appointed apostolic delegate to the Philippines.....30—Fierce fighting is reported in Haiti.....Mt. Pelee is again in eruption, and many lives are lost; cable communication with Martinique is interrupted31—Rebellion in Szechuan province, China, is spreading, and foreigners are in danger.

September 1—Reports give the number of dead from the second eruption of Mt. Pelee as 2000.....Colombian government troops reinforce the garrison of Panama.....2—The Emperor and Empress of Germany are received with unexpected cordiality in Posen, the chief city in Polish Russia.....The Sultan repeals the drastic laws in Armenia.....5—Boer generals hold a conference with Colonial Secretary Chamberlain.....Prof. Rudolph Virchow, born October 13, 1821, the well-known founder of cellular pathology, died in Berlin.....6—King Edward visits Andrew Carnegie at Skibo castle.....A settlement is effected of the American contentions with the Sultan of Turkey.....8—The Kaiser at Potsdam entertained 110 guests, among whom was Major-Generals Corbin and Young, and Brig-General Wood, U. S. A.....10—Russia objects to the English in Manchuria.....12—The German Army maneuvers end.....14—Twenty thousand people, assembled in Phoenix Park, Dublin, protest against the proclamation placing the city under the Crimes act.

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SALT LAKE CITY.
1901-1902.



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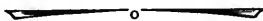
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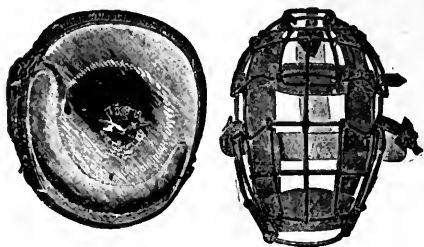
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